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LIFE of BISHOP BRUTÉ

EDITED BY LADY HERBERT.


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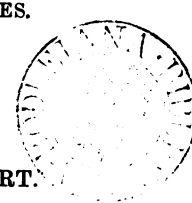
Foreign Missionary Series.

THE LIFE

OF

SIMON WILLIAM GABRIEL BRUTÉ

D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF VINCENNES.



WITH

A PREFACE BY LADY HERBERT.

'May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable Will of God be in all things fulfilled, praised, and exalted above all for ever.'

S. BRUTÉ.

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PREFACE.

THE two first volumes of this Missionary Series have been devoted to the history of some of those noble men who, in the last few years, have watered the soil of China with their blood. The life before us is one of a more peaceful and less harrowing nature. A martyr in will, if not in deed, Bishop Bruté passed unscathed through the terrible scenes of the French Revolution; and then, leaving his native country and all he held most dear, he went forth to that new land in which Catholicism was just dawning on the people; and, by his unbounded charity and burning zeal, he sowed the seed which afterwards was to bear such glorious fruit. We are indebted to the Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, Bishop of Newark, for this beautiful Life; but we have also ventured to extract from that of Bishop Bruté's greatest earthly friend, Mrs. Seton, some of his correspondence, both with herself and her children, feeling that in no other way could we do justice to the remarkable gifts of one who by common accord was styled 'The Angel of the Mountain.' In fact, it is

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mainly by these Letters that we are enabled to show forth the beautiful tenderness and simplicity of this true servant of Him whose whole life was one of superhuman love, and that especially towards the suffering and the 'little ones' of the flock.

What Mrs. Seton herself felt for Bishop Bruté may be judged by the following extract from a letter of hers, written to him after he had been appointed President of St. Mary's College at Baltimore, on his return from his last visit to France:*

'You would never believe the good your return does to my soul. To see you tearing yourself again from all that is dearest, giving up again the full liberty you justly and lawfully possessed, exchanging it for a heavy chain in this endless labyrinth of work and discussions and wearisome details—(to use the softest expressions)!—In proportion as my pride in you increases, my own littleness and empty sacrifices to our Beloved are more evident; and I am ambitious (indeed often with many tears) to get up with you a little by a generous *will* and more faithful service in the little I can do. I really take it as my most serious affair to pray well for you, and to get prayers from all, that you may do well this hard work before you. Yes, dear President, you will; and you shall have plenty of prayers from these most innocent hearts. Look up confidently; He will not

* The English of this letter and of those which will appear in the Life itself is peculiar; but we have thought it better to leave them as nearly as possible in the original. *Editor's Note.*

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abandon you who have left all for Him, nor leave you in weakness while loading yourself for His sake.'

But the most attractive and interesting portion of this work is undoubtedly Bishop Bruté's own notes on the events of which he was an eyewitness during the terrible period of the French Revolution. We have inserted them in the Life itself, and not in the Appendix, as those eventful years were the most remarkable in their effect on the character of the future bishop. The harrowing tales which he relates are told with a simplicity and evident truthfulness in their minutest details which give a tenfold value to the narrative. Like most great and holy men, he owed everything to his mother; and his allusions to her are infinitely touching from the tender veneration with which he had enshrined her memory in his heart. Her holy influence saved him from that shipwreck of his faith which in those sad days was so universal among the youth of France; while to the loving sympathy and hearty encouragement of his 'second mother,' as he called Elizabeth Seton, he owed a good deal of that success in his apostolic labours, and that unflagging zeal for souls, which was so eminent a characteristic of that noble woman.

'The promotion of the heavenly kingdom among souls must be the grand object of our whole life,' she writes. 'There are plenty of people in this world to mind planning and opinions; but how few to build in God and be silent like our own Jesus!'

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Blessed holy Christian friendship, strengthening the hands of each, all for God and in God, how much can be done when two hearts are thus united! Both these holy souls are now gone home to rejoice together at the feet of their common Master. Their little night of toil and pain is past. The long day of rest and joy is theirs for evermore. May our hearts be kindled by reading and thinking of such lives, to work bravely on as they did; that so we may rejoice with them for evermore in the presence of our Lord.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

Wilton House, February 1870.

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THE

LIFE OF BISHOP BRUTÉ.

CHAPTER I.

BISHOP BRUTÉ'S CHILDHOOD.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Rennes, the capital of the ancient province of Brittany, in France, on the night of the 20th of March 1779, and was baptised early the next morning in the parish church of St. Germain. His father, Simon William Gabriel Bruté de Remur, who belonged to an ancient and very respectable family, was born at Paris in 1729, and was, at the time of his son's birth, Superintendent of the Royal Domains in Brittany. His mother, Jeanne Renée le Saulnier de Vauhelle, born at St. Brieux in 1736, was, at the time of her marriage with Mr. Bruté, the widow of Mr. Francis Vatar, printer to the king and parliament at Rennes. Their place of residence was in the palace of the parliament, in which his family on the mother's side had occupied apartments in one of the wings since 1660. The position of his

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father, as Superintendent of the Finances of the Province, with the anticipation of succeeding to the place of Farmer-General of the Revenues at Paris, which had been promised to him, seemed to open the most brilliant worldly prospects. '"You were born to be a rich man," my good mother often said to me,' he remarks in one of his notes. 'My earliest recollections,' he adds, 'are connected with the entertainments given by my father, at his residence in the city, and at his country house of Fricot, in the Faubourg St. Hellier, to the deputies, military officers, and nobles, at the time of the meeting of the Etats de la Province. I remember seeing no less than five bishops at his table at one time. We children were placed at a little side-table, where our pride and our love for good things were alike mortified. God ordered it otherwise,' he goes on to say, alluding to his mother's words: 'my father died (27th February 1786) a few days after a very painful operation which had been rendered necessary by a fall from his horse; and instead of dying a rich man, he left his affairs in the greatest disorder. "Your father," my mother often said to me, "could never be made to distrust any one; he believed every person to be as good and honest as himself;" and the state of his accounts at the time of his death showed it; for not only were all his affairs in confusion, but it was found that he had allowed persons to run in debt to him to the amount of upwards of a million of francs. The friends of the family and the most eminent lawyers of the city advised my mother to renounce the succession; but she very

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justly regarded an honourable name as of more importance than wealth; and in order to preserve this to us, she determined to take upon herself the management of his affairs, even at the sacrifice of her own property. She accordingly addressed herself to the task, and with the assistance of two accountants—Messrs. Jourdain and Henaut, for whom she has often charged me to preserve feelings of lively gratitude—she worked day and night until she got my father's accounts in order; and owing to her diligence and management, the losses were much less than they would otherwise have been, and his debts were all paid.'

It is evident, not only from the circumstances here related, but from her conduct during the Revolution, her letters to her son, and the manner in which he always alludes to her in his memoranda and correspondence with others,* that Madame Bruté was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and strength of character. This was regulated and directed by a fervent and devoted piety. There can be no doubt that, under God, the eminently religious character of her son, whose every thought, word, and action were guided by faith during his whole life, was owing to the instructions and example of his excellent mother.

He was happy also in enjoying, during those

* 'My mother,' he says in one of his memoranda, 'was a woman of strong mind (*forte tête*), understood the world, and had great experience in business matters; but, always faithful to her religion, she hid the priests and assisted them in many different ways during the Revolution. The respect which she had won from all classes of people was a great protection to her and to her family when things came to the worst.'

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tender years when the character is formed, the guidance of one of the best of priests, the Abbé Carron,* so well known by his labours in England and the admirable books of piety which were written by him. 'My first confessor,' he says in *Some Remembrances before my first Communion*, 'was Mr. Carron, vicar of the parish of St. Germain, then a very young priest, but already so remarkable for his exemplary life and most fervent piety, that he was called "the Abbé Térèse" in allusion to St. Teresa. This was soon after the death of my father, when I was about eight years old. I remember well that the first time I went to confession to him, he gave me, as I withdrew from his confessional, which stood in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, a little book in French, entitled the *Death of Abel*. As I was going away, he came out of the confessional and gave me the book. I remember his face, as it appeared at that moment, with such an expression of

† Guy Toussaint Julien Carron, born at Rennes 1760. Having distinguished himself by his zeal, and particularly by his charity towards the poor, he was imprisoned in 1792 for refusing to take the civic oath. Exiled the same year, he founded several churches and schools in England; returned to France in 1814, and died in 1821. He was the author of a large number of works of piety. Bishop Poynter preached a funeral sermon at the Requiem which was celebrated for him at London. Lamennais, who in his better days lived with him, and revered him as a saint, had collected materials for a biography of the Abbé Carron, but never wrote it. The Baron d'Eckstein, in an article in the *Rambler* for May 1859 on the Abbé de Lamennais, whom he had known intimately, says: 'In contrast with Lamennais, I may mention a priest who had a heart of gold united with a true knowledge of men, the Abbé Carron, the only priest to whom Lamennais always did justice, and whose death was an irretrievable misfortune to him. This man had the *genius of goodness*.' In a letter to Bishop Flaget from the Mountain, dated June 9, 1821, Mr. Bruté mentions the news of the death of Mr. Carron at Paris: 'My first spiritual father; so often called the Saint Vincent de Paul of our days.'

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amiability and piety upon it. I was his penitent for several years, until 1791 (the last year of the free exercise of religion in France), during which year I had the happiness of making my first Communion. I went regularly to confession; but up to that time, thanks be to God, to my excellent mother, and I must add to my excellent teachers, I had little to confess. Although I had attended the public schools for four or five years, I was an utter stranger to all improper ideas, and my chief matter of reproach, at the time of making my general confession for my first Communion, was the having taken an apple from the stand of an old fruit-woman. During the same period I learned my catechism at school, though at times I attended the public catechism at the parish church, when we recited portions of the Holy Scripture, which we learned by heart. I remember that on one occasion, having repeated the history of the sacrifice of Abraham, I obtained, as a reward, quite a large print of the "Annunciation," pasted on a board with a margin of gilt paper around it. It hung for many years by the side of my bed; and I can still call to mind the vivid associations of the Blessed Virgin and good Father Carron, in my childish impressions of piety and holiness of life. My first prayer-book also made a great impression on my mind. It was a *Paroissien*, bound in green morocco, with gilt edges, and was given to me on the very day of my father's funeral, February 28, 1786. I had long desired to have one, and I presume that there was not a little vanity mixed up with the devotion with which I followed

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the Mass and Office in my beautiful prayer-book at the college and the parish church. I had it in my possession twenty years afterwards, with its broken covers, defaced binding, and torn leaves; but lost it, somehow or other, in my many journeyings. I made my first Communion, as I have said, in 1791. There were about 200 of us, of the first or second Communion; for it was the excellent custom of those times to make the second Communion with the same preparation as the first, after a short spiritual Retreat. I thank Thee, O my God, for the state of innocence and piety I was in the day I performed this most important act.'

The place in which this Retreat for first Communion was conducted seems to have been a very strange one. From an allusion to it in one of his memoranda, I should infer that it was what might be called the hall of the charnel-house of the cemetery near the church. He speaks of it as 'a long narrow room filled with benches, with the skulls and bones of many generations of those who had preceded them piled, according to the custom of our cemeteries, in a sort of upper story over our heads, so that we could see them through the lattice-work which surrounded them. This sight made us very serious and devout, especially on the first day of the Retreat. I do not remember anything in particular in regard to the instructions that were addressed to us, except that they were, as usual, on sin, death, judgment, the divine Sacraments, the happiness of serving God, &c.; and that they made upon us the impressions they were intended to produce.

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I walked among the tombs, during the intervals, with some of my companions; and I remember that we were very much in earnest, and helped-on one another by our remarks, and by our expressions of respect towards the good priests who conducted our Retreat, especially Mr. Carron and Mr. Desbouillon —this last, a saint in goodness, penance, zeal, and charity towards the poor, and a wonderful preacher, but a small odd-looking man; so that some of us burst out laughing at a curious comparison which he made, and the strange gesticulation by which it was accompanied. O, how sorry we were! and when the instruction was over, we went to him and asked his pardon, which he kindly and cheerfully gave us. He is dead long since, and is, I have no doubt, a saint in heaven. Whilst other particulars have vanished, the general impression this retreat made upon me is still strong on my memory. I remember, however, the many sittings by the confessional of Mr. Carron in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in our huge gothic church of St. Germain; the small statue of our Blessed Mother, in a white-and-blue mantle, on the altar; and the last evening when I received absolution—the effort to make a good act of contrition, and the earnest desire for a good Communion, a good death, and heaven; and then going to say the 'Miserere' on my knees on a huge tomb near the high altar, where we were to receive our Lord the next morning. The events of the next day it would indeed be hard to forget: the early rising, the prayer for the soul of my dear departed father, the benediction asked from my mother on my knees, the spirit of recollection

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and devotion in view of the important act I was about to perform, somewhat disturbed by the anxiety of our good Mr. Leblanc with regard to my dress and *frisure*, and the huge candle I was to carry. I remember singing the Canticle of Fénelon, *Mon bien-aimé ne paroit pas encore;* the departure for church; seeing our friends coming from all sides; the entrance of the church, all seated in rows so near one another, yet in such good order and silence; so much fervour in singing the Canticles; such an indescribable suspense and delight of the heart until the moment should come to receive; but before doing so, reciting, in front of all, the act of consecration, with Térèse Champion for my companion, as the representative of the girls. Twenty years afterwards, when I returned to France, I found her still faithful in perseverance, and still more devoted to our Blessed Lord. It seems strange to me now that all distinct remembrance of the act itself is lost—I am sure it was all faith and pure desire of union with God—and of the thanksgiving afterwards; I only remember the sincerity and ardour of the offerings, . . . the return home with poor Lamiral, the lad put in my mother's charge, who for many years after that, until he had learned his trade, imposed upon me the happy duty, laid that day upon all the young communicants belonging to the more respectable families, of choosing from amongst the poor a "brother of Communion" to be taken care of and brought up as a member of the family. My heart is full when I think of that day—thanks, thanks, O my God!'

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The above memoranda show how lively were Bishop Bruté's recollections of the events and persons of his youth. His papers afford abundant evidence how closely his heart clung at all periods of his life to the memory of his native city and province. From one of these jottings, as they may be called, it appears that at the time of his father's death in 1786 he was at a boarding-school, kept by Madame Badier, in the parish of All Saints, which was, as he mentions, one of the largest parishes in Rennes.

He adds, 'I note down these remembrances in 1821, on the Feast of All Saints, thirty-four years after; everything is still fresh in my mind and vividly present to me; I could describe everything—the street, the signs over the shops, the shops themselves, the fruit-stalls, the bells on the vigils of the feasts, the *glas* (the passing-bell for the dead) during the whole evening before the Feast of All Souls.' In a memorandum headed 'Places where I have studied,' which from its minute details seems to have been written as an exercise of local memory, it appears that his first school, where he learned to read, was kept by a certain Mademoiselle Rosé in the Rue aux Foulons, and that the 'pension' of Madame Badier—above alluded to—was his second school. With his lively imagination, tenacious memory, and excellent disposition, he must have been an apt scholar from the beginning, and seems to have won the affections alike of his teachers and fellow-students. He attended the college at Rennes from 1788 to 1791, under the particular supervision of the Rev.

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Mr. Sorette, of whom he has given so touching an account in one of the following sketches.

During this year (1791), in which, as we have seen, he made his first Communion, the Legislative Assembly passed the most severe laws against all the clergy who refused to take the oath of the 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy;'* and as almost all refused to do so, the open and public exercise of religion may be said to have ceased in France. The college at Rennes was broken up, and from this time Mr. Bruté pursued his studies under private teachers. In the list of 'places where I have studied' he put down 'four years under Mr. Muriel.' During these days of persecution (1791-96) he seems to have remained most of the time at Rennes, in his mother's residence; but portions of it were spent at La Chapelle Bouéxie, where his half-sister Madame Jansions resided. His notes,

* The Constituent Assembly having (Nov. 4, 1789) confiscated all the ecclesiastical property, and (March 19, 1790) suppressed all religious orders and congregations, proceeded (Aug. 24, 1790) in its work of 'decatholicising' France, by enacting the famous 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy,' which virtually abrogated the Catholic Church in that country, so far as it was in the power of man to do it. By this famous law, the State assumed to itself the power of conferring ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The bishops and parish priests were to be chosen by the electors, in the same manner as the members of the Assembly; they were forbidden to apply to the Pope for confirmation, but were permitted to write to him as the visible head of the Church in sign of unity. As soon as it became law, the most violent measures were taken to oblige the bishops and clergy to consent to and take the oath. Out of one hundred and thirty-five archbishops and bishops in France, four only took it; the great majority of the clergy also refused: hence the distinction of 'prêtres sermentés et insermentés' so common at that time. Pius VI. condemned the Civil Constitution of the Clergy by several briefs; and Monseigneur de Boisgelin, Archbishop of Aix, drew up in opposition to it an 'Exposition des principes sur la Constitution Civile du Clergé,' which was signed by all the bishops except four.

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short and imperfect as they are, will convey to the reader some idea of his manner of life during that dreadful period.* Amidst all its alarms and sufferings his memoranda show that he was exact and regular in the employment of his time. He rose early,† and no doubt found in the studies, of

* The following simple incident exhibits in a striking manner the terror of those days, when a pious letter from a friend was preserved with fear, lest it should serve to criminate alike the writer and the receiver of it. The Abbé Carron wrote a note to him two months after his first Communion, from Jourdelais, near Rennes, dated 3d July 1791, in which he encourages him to perseverance in the path of virtue, and gives him some excellent advice with regard to his conduct and studies. On the back of it Bishop Bruté has written: 'This short note is a memento of the cruel persecution which had then commenced. It was written to me from the country, where this good priest had taken refuge, having been driven away from our parish of St. Germain in the city. I have never seen him since. He emigrated to England, and I was almost afraid to keep this memento of him in my possession. I changed his name by inserting a "t," making it Carton, and erasing the name of his holy friend M. la Gucretrie, of whom he speaks, and whom I have since seen when Superior of the Seminary of Rennes and afterwards Curé of Vitré.'

† The following notes, written on a loose sheet of paper, were among Bishop Bruté's MSS.

EARLY RISING.

'To-day (26th April 1819) I received a letter from my mother, dated the 2d January 1819. She was born in 1736, and is consequently in her eighty-fourth year. "My health is very good," she writes; "no pains, sleep soundly," &c. She used to consider early rising, to which she was always accustomed, a pledge of longevity. "No longevity, my son," she would say to me, "except for those who rise early;" but she regarded it from a higher point of view than the mere enjoyment of health and prolongation of life, at least in these blessings she saw the instrument of better ones. "Early rising," she would say, "is absolutely necessary for any one who would faithfully discharge his duties in life: it secures health, gives clearness and soundness to the head, calmness to the mind, freshness to the thoughts and affections, is favourable to pious dispositions, and affords leisure for recollection and meditation, so as to begin the day well, before the hurry of the more advanced hours surrounds us with the labours and distractions of common life." And my good mother was right: there is no indulgence more carefully to be guarded against than that of lying abed in the morning. One hour retrenched by a firm resolution

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which he was always fond, some relief from the anxieties which, in those days of terror, must have disturbed the most fearless and best-regulated minds. 'He acquired in boyhood and youth,' says Dr. McCaffrey, 'habits of study, and of close and patient mental application, which he retained through life. In spite of his modesty, which prevented him from ever speaking in his own praise, I could learn from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, and from the testimony of others, that in the public schools of his native city he was not only distin-

to confine our bedtime to what is necessary, is half a month added to each year of our life; two hours, which many could retrench, and some even more, is a whole month. Six hours of sleep is enough alike for old age and youth, childhood requiring more; according to the apothegm of the Salernian school—seven we grant to the lazy, eight to nobody.

"Sex horas dormire, sat est juvenique senique,
Nos septem pigri, nulli concedimus octo."

Early rising affords to the virtuous soul the most favourable opportunity of exerting her empire over the body; for so great is its fondness for rest and indulgence, so strong an effort does it require to break the pleasing chains of sloth and to give up the easy bed and the quietude of its slumbers—always the more agreeable towards morning when lightest, and to a certain extent conscious—that it requires each morning a true act of fortitude and self-denial to rise at the appointed time. It is almost the only task that habit does not make easier. My mother enforced this duty, which brings so many precious advantages with it, with the anxious firmness of true love.

'When the poor boy of twelve hesitated to jump out of his bed, stretching out his arms, rubbing his eyes, and sighing pitifully at the sound of his mother's voice, "*Gabriel, Gabriel, debout!*" she would begin in a half gay and half serious manner to sing a verse of one of the good Abbé Carron's canticles:

"N'attendez point cet age
Ou les hommes n'ont plus
Ni force, ni courage
Pour les grandes vertus!"

O, my mother, how can I ever sufficiently thank you for all your considerate kindness—ever anxious to form your children to habits of virtue and self-denial?'

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guished but eminently successful. His after life proved it. Whether he conversed with a friend, or lectured a class, or delivered the message of salvation from the pulpit, the evidences of profound knowledge, as well as of remarkable genius, incessantly flashed before you. Whatever he once read or studied, he remembered. Even in the last years of his life, when his attention seemed to be absorbed in theology and other branches of ecclesiastical learning, he recited with ease all the Fables of La Fontaine, entire scenes of Racine, Corneille, and the finest passages of other French writers or of the Latin poets. Though less familiar with the Greek classics, he had read them with advantage as well as pleasure, and turned to good account his knowledge of their language in the study of the Greek Fathers of the Church. At one time he thought of entering the French Polytechnic School, and for this reason he pursued a very extensive course of mathematical science. Subsequently he had the best opportunities, in the medical school of Paris, of penetrating deeply into the mysteries of chemistry and natural philosophy. He improved them with his usual diligence. While he devoted himself to severer studies, he gave some share of attention to music and drawing; and in the latter of these accomplishments he attained a proficiency which in after years was a source of pleasure and advantage to himself, and a means which he often happily employed for the purpose of interesting and instructing others. His studies were interrupted by the revolutionary troubles, and he spent about two years in his

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mother's printing establishment, during which he learned and practised the business of a compositor. It would appear that he was led to this much less by inclination than by the reverses which his family had sustained, and the dangers of the times.'

He began very early in life to keep a journal, or, as it may more properly be called, a note-book. The earliest ones are lost, having probably been destroyed by himself for fear that they would be found by the gendarmes in some of their domiciliary visits, which were so frequent during those times. The earliest memoranda which I find amongst his papers are upon some loose leaves, which have been evidently torn from a book of this sort.* They are dated in 1795, when the storm of persecution had somewhat abated.

[*Editor's Note.* In Dr. Bayley's biography these notes are put in the appendix; but we consider them to be so interesting a portion of his life, that we have ventured to insert them in the chronological order in which these events actually happened.]

* Since writing this, I found on the back of a sheet, on which he had written some remarks on the art of printing, the following note: 'In 1793-4, during the height of "the Terror," my mother made me work in the printing-office to save me from being enrolled in a regiment made up of children named "The Hope of the Country;" and a hopeful set they were. They requested and obtained permission to take part in the "fusillades," which they often did. When the deputation whom they sent to ask this permission presented itself before the revolutionary tribunal, they were requested to take their seat alongside of the judges, and preside at the condemnation of some victims who were handed over to these young scoundrels to be shot. This regiment was formed of boys of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age. My mother was much pressed to allow me to join them, and was terribly alarmed on this account. I remained in the printing-office nearly a year, and became a pretty good compositor.'

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CHAPTER II.

BRIEF NOTES OF HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1793-5.

'BEING in 1793 a boy of fourteen years of age, I was often sent by my family to attend the tribunals which were sitting in our city of Rennes, to witness and bring back information in regard to the trials of our priests. On account of the excessive terror which prevailed, and the fear of exposing themselves to danger by betraying their feelings amid the savage mob which generally attended them, grown-up people dared not go. I myself never had the courage to follow the victims to the scaffold; but I went to the tribunals. There were at this time three tribunals sitting, sometimes all on the same day; and all three sending their victims to the guillotine or the fusillade—viz. the regular Criminal Court, to which the priests generally were sent; the Revolutionary Tribunal, which took cognisance chiefly of the so-called political conspirators, and before which few ecclesiastics were brought—I do not remember to have attended any there; and the Military Commission, where those taken in arms or after some encounter were judged. Once I witnessed there the trial of a brother of the Christian schools. The three tribunals did not,

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however, observe any very strict limits of jurisdiction; but I seldom attended others than the Criminal Court. When I assisted at the trial of these holy victims, I could repeat almost word for word the various questions and answers; and I have often regretted that I did not write them down at the time. But, in truth, I dared not do it; for so terrible was the fear of keeping any memoranda—which in that time of frequent and sudden domiciliary visits might have been discovered—that the most valuable and interesting papers, and even printed documents, were destroyed, especially in families exposed to suspicion and danger, as, on many accounts, ours was. I remember that, wishing to preserve a copy of the will of Louis XVI., I put it into a bottle well corked and sealed, and buried it in the ground; but when, a long time after, I dug it up, the wet had found its way into the bottle, and nearly destroyed the paper. Afterwards, when better times came, and I ought to have written down my recollections, I trusted to my memory, and deferred doing so. And now (1818) that at last I have made the attempt in these notes to record and fix my remembrances, I find that a great deal has passed away from my mind, or become to a certain degree confused and uncertain. I have written, however, the following pages, as correctly as was in my power; and have recorded the circumstances exactly as they occurred, and were witnessed either by myself, or told to me at the time by those who had every opportunity of being well informed. It would be very difficult for me to convey to others

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anything but a general idea of our situation and the impressions we were under at that time. As I gather up my scattered remembrances, the whole comes back to me very vividly, and I may be said to *feel* as I did then; but it would be impossible for others to put themselves, mind and heart, into our place, and realise what was the habitual condition of Catholics at that time. During the progress of the persecution, the greater number of the priests of the diocese had been either guillotined or shot, or transported to the penal colonies. The more aged and infirm were imprisoned in the castle of Mount Saint Michael (about fifty miles from Rennes). Of the few left, in deep concealment, some were almost daily discovered, and according to the *law*, led, with those who had harboured them, to the guillotine within twenty-four hours. All the churches of the diocese had been seized upon and converted to profane uses. Some were used as storehouses for forage, hay, &c.; some were converted into *casernes* and stables; some into manufactories and some altered into dwelling-houses by those who bought them; some were levelled with the ground in order that the materials might be sold, or to make room for new streets; some, in short, were used for the worst purposes (yet under Providence, by this means, preserved); changed into temples for the *decadi*, the festivals of the national calendar, so curious a thing by itself; or for the clubs and political assemblies of the time. All the old and best families, and those who were the most zealous for religion, were not only deprived

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of all public exercise of it, but were scarcely able to practise their private and secret devotions in the interior of their houses. It was forbidden by law and under penalties of fine and imprisonment to observe Sunday, or to distinguish it in any way from common days; whilst the *decade*, or every tenth day, which had been substituted for the Sunday, and made the legal day of rest, was, under the same penalties, enforced, by ceasing from labour, keeping the shops closed, &c. Such a state of things, which was the habitual condition of the whole population from the end of 1792 until 1795, had brought the minds of those who still remained attached to their faith into a most desponding state with regard to the future prospects of religion in France. This was peculiarly the case at certain periods of increasing darkness, when those who exercised authority in our unhappy country manifested their intention of rooting out every vestige of the ancient faith. It would be impossible now to recall fully the painful impressions of those times, or to make them understood by those who did not pass through that strange ordeal. I have endeavoured to give a sketch of our Sundays, as I remember them, at my dear mother's, who so resolutely did all that was in her power to preserve our faith for those better days, which she never ceased confidently to anticipate. I could relate many curious things in regard to the profane celebration of the Festivals of Reason, as they were called. The Age of Reason, as Paine calls it, was, as they hoped, fully established in France, and every *decade*

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was sanctified by some new invention. I can still see with my mind's eye the curious processions which they formed through the streets of the city on those days, going to the Temple of Reason. They were composed of youths on the Festival of Youth; of hoary men, picked up for the purpose, on the Festival of Old Age; of husbandmen, carrying with them the implements of agriculture, on the Festival of Agriculture; of mechanics, with their tools, on the Festival of the Arts. In the month of Fructidor they had exhibitions of fruits, and of the various returns of the harvest, in their special times, &c. &c. Now, it all seems like a dream, and these exhibitions and processions have a ridiculous effect, as seen through faint recollection. Those who had established them supposed that they would accustom the multitude to do without religion, except the religion of Nature, as they called it. As each *decade* came round, they endeavoured to make it more attractive by new inventions of pompous shows, or philosophical and sentimental exhibitions, mixing up with them special ovations and songs, civic banquets and public games, copied from the old Greek and Roman republics. The first year of these profane and systematic attempts to root out the Christian religion from the hearts of the people and make them infidels, went on with such a continual supply of novelty and interest for the multitude, that it made an impression which now it would be difficult correctly to estimate. Even then, however, the effect was often very ridiculous; and as the repetition of each *decade* proved

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more forced and tiresome it became dark and hopeless; though they were the best mark by which we could measure the slow but certain return of the old and true religion, and the failure of this impious scheme, self-defeated, as it proved. The very memory of those miserable exhibitions has vanished away. For instance, the Festival of Divorce! Who now can form an idea of the manner in which it was celebrated! It was on one of the *decade*, at the Temple of Reason—a player from the theatre the orator of the day. I have in my possession his discourse in print—all furious nonsense against religion, and its oppression of our liberty in making marriage indissoluble, &c. These things are gone and forgotten; but the admirable virtues then displayed by those holy confessors, who remained faithful to their religion, will live through eternity in the heavenly records.

It is my object in the following pages to record some of those scenes of fidelity and Christian heroism as my memory brings them back to me. After I had written them out (in 1818) I found that several of them had also been recorded by the Abbé Carron. But how many cases are not mentioned in his precious memoirs! The first one, for instance, which I have sketched—that of Mr. Raoul, of which I was a witness. The scene at the Tribunal —although at this moment it is nearly twenty-seven years ago—yet is as vivid in my mind as if I were still there, boy as I then was, standing behind and leaning upon the seat of the holy confessor, with nothing but the railing of the Tribunal be-

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tween us, my poor heart beating violently all the time.

'Mr. Raoul and the three good sisters of La Chapelle St. Aubert have been seized and brought to the city yesterday; to-day they are to be tried.' Such was the sad news of the morning; and about eight or nine o'clock, I saw them passing under our windows on their way to the Tribunal, followed by the mob, who accompanied them with the usual cry, 'à la guillotine!' I immediately went after them, and, young as I was, crept along from place to place, until I got so near that I stood immediately behind Mr. Raoul, who was seated upon the bench, with my arms folded upon the railing almost touching his back. The sisters were seated upon a bench across the other side of the hall. The judges were raised with their seats upon a higher floor, upon a level with the heads of the prisoners and the gendarmes. The President of the Court was Bouassier, who had been a respectable attorney of Rennes, and esteemed before the Revolution as a good moral man; but he was a philosopher, as our French Deists were called—naturally kind-hearted, but gradually drawn on, or rather pushed on, from one excess to another, and then fixed in his dreadful position by personal fear. 'Thy name and age?' said the President. 'Raoul-Bodin' (not certain of the second name), answered the priest, aged seventy years, or perhaps more, I do not exactly remember; but I still see the worthy man, as he sat there—tall, very thin, with a bald forehead, hair quite gray, and a placid, noble, and truly religious countenance. 'Thy profession?' 'A priest

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—curé of La Chapelle St. Aubert.' 'Didst thou take the civic oath?' 'No, citizen.' 'Why not?' was then asked; and he answered, 'because he could not according to his conscientious views of the subject.' Two or three short questions and answers may then have taken place, which I do not call to mind; but I remember distinctly that the good old man began to entreat the judges in favour of the three sisters in whose house he had been arrested, speaking in a calm but very affecting and impressive manner to the President and the Court for two or three minutes, until he was repeatedly silenced. The tones of his voice are still sounding in my ears. His words were to this effect: 'Citizens, judges, will you put to death these poor ladies for an act of hospitality so inoffensive to the public, so natural, so worthy of their kind hearts, when I had been for twenty years or more their pastor? Do spare them, citizens—it becomes the Republic so much better to show clemency,' &c. 'Silence! they must speak for themselves. Silence! it is none of thy office to address the Tribunal in their favour. Silence, citizen!' He was compelled to stop, and sat down (he had stood up whilst speaking), looking towards the poor sisters, who were then successively called upon to give their names and age, and acknowledge that they knew the priest, and gave him asylum, in contravention to the national decrees. They were three elderly sisters, between forty-five and fifty years of age, or more; of a most respectable and ladylike appearance and dress, and with a calm and simple deportment before the Tribunal.

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They lived on their estate at Chapelle St. Aubert. One of them had been a religious, expelled by the decrees of the Convention from her convent, and obliged to return and live with her sisters. She was now dressed like them, and seated the last in order upon the bench, and was also the last called upon to answer. In addition to the replies made by her sisters to the interrogatories of the judges, she added, that she had no home after her expulsion from her convent, and was compelled to return to her sisters and live upon their bounty, and that consequently she did not come under the severe terms of the law against those who gave protection to priests. The plea seemed fair enough; but it gave occasion to no particular consultation amongst the judges, and was immediately overruled, in a very harsh and abusive manner, as a preposterous and useless attempt to have her cause separated from that of the others.

She then, if I am not mistaken, or one of the sisters, began to plead in favour of the good old man, as he had done for them, but in a more earnest and severe manner: 'How cruel it would be to put to death so holy and innocent a man, who had committed no crime, but whose whole life had been spent in doing good to all, and especially to those who were then called the *sans-culottes* (so particularly dear to the Republic), to the poor, the aged, the little ones,' &c. She was repeatedly ordered to be silent, but became only the more animated, until compelled to hold her peace, and let the affair take its course.

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The examination of all four of them had occupied but a short time, being, in fact, a mere formality, since the letter of the law was most express —namely, that '*the priest and those who harbour him are to be put to death within twenty-four hours after being seized.*'

The President then proceeded, after scarcely a moment's conference with the other judges, to apply this cruel enactment, and to pass the sentence of death, in the name of the Republic, upon the priest Raoul and the three sisters who had given him shelter; adding the usual order, that all the religious objects found in the house, and which, in the language of the sentence, were styled *les hochets* du fanatisme,* should be previously burned at the side of the scaffold.

When the sentence had been pronounced, the nun could not restrain her feelings of indignation. She rose from her seat, snatched the national cockade from her cap, which even the women were obliged to wear during these days of delusion, and, trampling it under her feet, addressed alternately the judges and the people with two or three sentences of vehement reproach. 'Barbarians!' she exclaimed, 'amongst what savage nation has hospitality ever been made a crime punishable with death?' I cannot now remember the rest of her speech, except that she appealed to the higher tribunal of God, and denounced His judgment against them.

Her sisters tried in the mean while to check her, and recall her to silence. The one who sat next to

* 'Hochets,' playthings.

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her pulled gently at her dress (I can see her now), as if urging her to stop.

All was soon hushed to silence; and the judge addressed, as usual, an emphatic and opprobrious charge to the victims, and particularly to the priest, with bitter reproaches for their fanaticism, as he called it; addressing himself also to the spectators, with energetic declarations of their determined resolution to free the Republic from all dangers, and have the priests, with their accomplices and dupes, brought to the same punishment—the whole a most shocking act of outrage; and spoken with a raving enthusiasm still more terrible, as coming from one who, like the unfortunate Bouassier, had a character which should have been above such a horrid profanation of every good principle.

During the whole time Mr. Raoul was engaged in prayer. Methinks I can still hear the sounds and low swellings of his prayer — some of the psalms, it seemed—rising from time to time in a half-suppressed murmur, whilst the jailer or executioner (for he was always present) was putting on the handcuffs, and securing them so tight that I remember the priest gave signs of uneasiness, and looked at the man as if entreating him not to screw them so cruelly.

No farther distinct recollections connected with the scene come back to my mind. I cannot now recall the state of my feelings. I know only that they were generally a mixture of horror, pity, admiration, and exaltation—views of religion and heaven mixed with a detestation of Deism and Naturalism, which

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at that time seemed destined to prevail over the Christian religion in France.

That very same day these four victims were immolated upon the fatal guillotine; they were taken, I think, as was often the case, from the Tribunal to the scaffold, which stood permanently erected under the windows.

My next recollection is of the Rev. Mr. Touchet, who was the rector of St. Hellier, one of the parishes in the suburbs of Rennes. During the 'Terror' he was concealed in the house of the Demoiselles Ergault. There were three sisters; unmarried, pious, devoted women. One of them was a nun of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, at the Hospital of Vannes, but had been driven out for remaining faithful to her vows and refusing to take the civic oaths. I often visited Mr. Touchet in his place of concealment. He was my confessor after Mr. Carron went to England. I was, of course, obliged to use great care when I went to see him; and I well remember the cautious manner in which I was let in;—the back room where he was concealed, his way, the room itself, the curtains;—every little circumstance, in fact, is indelibly impressed upon my memory. When I had finished my confession, he would often say to me that perhaps it was the last time I should have an opportunity of going to confession to him, and that probably that day or the next he would be discovered and led to the scaffold. When a last stretch of rage caused the Convention to put forth a law punishing with death all those who should harbour a priest, the good

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ladies felt happy at the prospect of receiving their reward by dying with Mr. Touchet, if they should be found out. Before he had heard the news, they took counsel together and formed their resolution. When the horrid decree came to his knowledge, he went to them and said, 'I will leave you to-night.' They asked, 'Where are you going?' 'To the fields, as long as I can hide myself in the woods, thickets, and ditches. I am resigned to die, but I will not be the occasion of death to any one.' But they told him that they would be but too happy to die with him; that they had unanimously taken their resolution, and made their little testamentary dispositions,* if any were allowed; and that, moreover, as they could only die once, whether for concealing one or many, they had sent word to some of their friends that, if they were afraid of this new law, they might send to them the priests they had concealed, and they would cheerfully receive and shelter them. The good nun added gaily, 'I have sewn into the hem of my robe a flint, a match, and a candle, so that when we are left alone in our dungeon, we may have light enough to recite our Breviary for the last time.' It happened, however, that, although they often had three priests hidden in their house at one time, they were never discovered or apprehended; and I continued to visit Mr. Touchet there from time to time until the persecution was over, and he was permitted to resume the public exercise

* The property of those who were put to death was confiscated. It was partly restored at a later period, but not that of those who had emigrated.

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of his ministry—not at St. Hellier's, however, but at St. Augustin's, where he remained until his death, about 1806.

Mr. Massiot, the vicar of Mr. Touchet, at St. Hellier's, was deported or banished to Cayenne, in South America, where so many died. He lived to escape; and having made his way with incredible hardships through the woods and morasses which lie at the back of the settlement, finally reached the United States. From thence he went to England, and after the law of death was repealed, returned to France, though still exposed to prison and transportation. When the persecution had entirely ceased he was appointed curé of Brutz, a parish about six miles from the city, where I was sent to assist him during three weeks at Easter, in 1809. He suffered very severely from rheumatism, which was the consequence of the terrible hardships he had endured during the time of the persecution.

The Abbé Sorette was a young priest, not yet thirty years of age, when he was appointed professor at the College of Rennes, the first year of the French Revolution. I studied under him, and became very much attached to him; and he took a particular interest in me, and sometimes did my mother the honour to come and dine with us. The charming modesty, candour, piety, and yet sprightliness and gaiety of this most excellent man, endeared him to all who knew him. When the Revolutionary oaths were imposed upon the clergy, he refused to take them; and being expelled in consequence from the college, he retired to the country parish of Le Cha-

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tellier, near Parigné, sixteen or eighteen miles from Rennes. It was here that he had been stationed by the bishop when first ordained, and during the few years of his ministry had won the unbounded affection of his own and all the neighbouring parishes. 'Mr. Sorette!' With what an accent of affection was that name pronounced by every one, before his death and many years afterwards! At Le Chatellier he exercised the duties of his holy ministry during the worst times of the Revolution with an undaunted zeal, many other priests in the neighbourhood showing the same fearless, unreserved devotedness; some of whom were at last, like himself, amongst the victims which the diocese of Rennes offered to God for the cruel sins and horrid excesses of the times.

He indeed escaped during the whole reign of Robespierre, and until the laws of death were repealed. Banishment to French Guiana for the younger priests, perpetual imprisonment for the older ones, who should exercise any of the functions of the holy ministry,—such were the milder orders of the day.

The more zealous Jacobins, however, were much displeased at this relaxation of the law, and often eluded it. When they discovered any priests in the country, and were not restrained by the presence of some magistrate or leader not so desperately bent on the destruction of the priests as themselves, they would often deliberately put them to death on the spot, rather than bring them to the city and deliver them up to the authorities.

This was the fate of my dear and respected pro-

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fessor. Unfortunately for him, the part of the department where he lived had always been most active and conspicuous in its opposition to the National Convention; an opposition so generally manifested in the west, and on both sides of the river Loire.

The position of the priests there was exceedingly painful. Naturally, and from principle, inclined to the side of the opposition, their sacred character hindered them from mixing in the horrors of civil war. They simply continued to fulfil the functions of their holy ministry wherever they could, ready to carry the succours of religion to whoever asked for them, whether friend or foe. In consequence, it often happened that they were obliged to be present and prepare for death those who fell victims to the severe, and sometimes unjustifiable, measures by which the insurgents retaliated the cruelties of those who were called patriots. A priest could not of course refuse his ministry even under such circumstances; and if he could not persuade the infuriated leaders or agents of the insurrection to spare the lives of their enemies, he was obliged nevertheless to be present, and try to save their souls. It will readily be perceived that the exercise of their ministry, under such circumstances, offered but too good a ground, especially in such excited times, for the horrid calumny that the priests excited and urged on the people to these cruel deeds of retaliation and revenge. It cannot be doubted that these stories animated the enemies and persecutors of the clergy to persevere in the schemes which had

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been laid by Robespierre for their utter extermination; schemes which they now saw to a certain extent foiled by the relaxation of the law.

Mr. Sorette led a life of continual alarm and danger, yet of untiring zeal in the fulfilment of his duties. All his labours, however, I am certain, were strictly kept within the pure and perfect line of his priestly functions, which so excellent a man would have cherished more dearly than his existence. To give his life for his flock, after long and faithful service during many years of concealment in his own parish and neighbourhood, was to him an enviable conclusion of his work. Such were the sentiments he expressed to me, with much fervour and alacrity, two or three weeks before his death.

He had at that time come to our city, on his way to the mineral waters of Guichen, twelve miles farther to the south. He had been advised to go there for a double purpose,—to restore his health, which was much shattered by labour and exposure; and to escape for a while from the search made, with redoubled activity, for his apprehension in his own part of the country. He was concealed in the suburb St. Martin (à la Pechardière en St. Grégoire), at the château of the ladies De Leon; and whilst there, sent word to my mother to let me come and see him. My mother gave me the most earnest charge to persuade him not to venture to Guichen, but to come to our house and be secreted, where he could be nursed and well taken care of; the better, because several physicians, good religious men, were in the habit of visiting our family. I hurried to

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him, with the earnest hope of having under our roof my beloved preceptor and so good a priest; but it was in vain. I arrived at the place (La Pechardière), was very cautiously admitted, and had a charming interview with him, when he related to me many of his wonderful escapes. But when I tried to prove to him that it would be very unsafe for him to take up his residence near the waters of Guichen, the conclusion he drew was that he had already yielded too much to the advice of the physicians, that he was not so ill as they thought, and that the best thing he could do was to return to his poor people, and remain with them to the last. No arguments or entreaties could make him accede to the wishes of his friends at Rennes. Two or three days afterwards he returned to Parigné, or Le Chatellier. I never heard directly from him again, though he was accustomed from time to time to write to me during those dreadful days, which, as far as he was concerned, were now drawing to a close.

About three weeks after he had returned to his mission we received the following information as to his end. I remember almost the very words in which the tale was told to me. Poor Mr. Sorette was called one day to administer the last Sacraments to an old woman in a little farmhouse. The service was over, and he was coming back to his hiding-place, when a party of Contre-Chouans,* who were patrolling the country in search of victims, and who knew

* *Patriots*, as they called themselves, in the disguise of Chouans, the name given to those in that part of Brittany who had risen up against the Revolutionary Government.

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that Mr. Sorette was concealed somewhere in that vicinity, asked a peasant girl whom they met, if she could tell them where they would find the priest, as they needed his services for a sick person. It so happened that she had met Mr. Sorette but a few moments before; and deceived by their disguise and supposing them to be friends, she said to them, after a moment's hesitation, 'Mr. Sorette has left that house yonder but a minute since, and is passing along the hedge there by the meadow.' They immediately ran after him, and as soon as they drew near fired their guns at him, and broke his arm. He immediately stopped and surrendered, and then told them to lead him to the city; but they, knowing that in such a case he would be only exiled to Guyenne, told him that they had resolved to put him to death. Mr. Sorette then entreated them to allow him a few minutes to say his prayers and prepare himself for death. He knelt down on the grass; and when they had waited a few moments, they shot him on the spot.

Some of his murderers were known, and among them two or three rabid Jacobins, who had committed many crimes of a similar character during the time of Robespierre and afterwards. Among the parishioners of Mr. Sorette some were found more ready to obey the feelings of indignation and revenge excited by his death than those of mercy and forgiveness, which he had so constantly preached to them when alive. These watched their opportunity; and to complete the picture of those sad times, we heard soon afterwards that some of his murderers had been killed

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and sent to meet their holy victim before the judgment-seat. Alas! they were more to be pitied than he. He, in truth, so exceedingly happy!—at the altar that morning, in some hidden corner; the Holy Communion received as viaticum; his ministry of consolation and grace to the poor dying woman; and then kneeling quietly on the grass, probably his last words of prayer, like St. Stephen's, offered up for those blind men, and his life a holocaust of peace for his unhappy country!

I was present when Mr. Duval, who was a very respectable physician at Rennes, received the news of the murder of his elder brother, the Abbé Duval, Rector of Laignelet, a parish in the country, near Mr. Sorette's, about eighteen miles from Rennes.

I had only seen the Abbé Duval once or twice at his brother's in Rennes. He was about forty or forty-five years of age, and of a very mild and serene countenance, meekness being, indeed, the peculiar characteristic of his disposition.

He had persevered throughout the whole time of the persecution, exercising his holy ministry with unabated zeal, no less devoted to his good people than they were to him; and they were exceedingly so.

It became known, by some means or other, to the bloodthirsty hounds who were continually searching after the priests, that Mr. Duval was to go on a certain night to baptise the child of some poor peasants, who lived in a little cabin in the woods on the confines of his parish; and they consequently placed themselves in ambush near the road by which they knew he would pass. He started late

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in the evening with his guide, and had approached so near to his intended murderers before he saw them, that there was no chance for him to escape. He said to the man that was with him that their only course was to advance boldly towards them, and that perhaps that very boldness might deceive them. The man hung back, but the priest walked steadily on his way, as if apprehending no danger. No sooner, however, had he come opposite to the place where his enemies stood, than one of them crossed the road towards him, and lifting up Mr. Duval's hat, said to him, 'Is it thou, Duval?' and the others who had followed him, placing their guns against his breast, shot him dead upon the spot. The guide, who stood near, fled at that moment, and could give no farther particulars, except those which I have related. The poor parents of the child whom he was to baptise heard the report of the guns, but dared not venture out immediately. When they thought that the murderers had retired, they went in the dead of the night, and with the assistance of some neighbours rendered the last and only tokens of respect in their power to the body of their beloved pastor, by burying it near the place where he had been murdered. O, how the horrors of those times rush upon my recollection while I write these things!

One morning I had got up early to work, about half-past five o'clock, when to my surprise I heard at a distance the notes of the *Libera me, Domine,* from the Burial Service of the Church, sung by some one in the streets. The singers were evidently hur-

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rying along fast, and the sounds grew more and more clear and distinct as they approached the square in which our house stood. For two years all such chants had ceased in our streets, and therefore I jumped up and ran hastily to the window, to see from whom they proceeded. I immediately perceived a group of twenty or thirty soldiers hurrying along two men bound together, both in the garb of peasants, but I saw immediately that one of them was a priest; his black hair floating upon his shoulders, his beard long and unshaven, the very hat upon his head, are vividly present to my recollection.

I understood too well what it all meant, and ran to the door to go out and follow them, agitated and partially frightened with the usual terror which filled my heart on such occasions, but at the same time cheered by the song of death; for it was the priest who was thus singing his own *Libera;* and the poor peasant stepped along quickly by his side, looking, as may be supposed, very serious, but without the least appearance of fear. The impression on my mind is, that the soldiers, who generally followed their prisoners with jokes and abuse, accompanied these two in silence.

I crossed the square, following close upon their footsteps. At the turn of the street the good priest had finished the *Libera,* and commenced singing the *Miserere.* The peasant, if I remember rightly, was also busy at his prayers; but I do not recollect the look of his countenance as distinctly as that of the priest, who was apparently about fifty years of age, of middle stature, and who was dressed, as I have said, in the short coarse brown coat of the peasants.

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They moved along with great rapidity, so much so, that although I left them at the end of the street, when they had but one short street to pass through to reach the public walk, where I dared not follow them and be present, I had hardly reached our house when I heard the report of the guns simultaneously, as if but one, and their victims were in eternity. I immediately entered the house, and hastened to relate what I had seen to my mother and her friend Mademoiselle Châteaugiron, who was with her. My mother immediately said, 'We know it all; we were praying for them.' I remember my mother's look at that moment—such a mingled look of sorrow and firmness; and that immediately afterwards all the family went about their ordinary family affairs, as if nothing particular had happened; and so it was, for death was a daily tale.

The only circumstance at all peculiar in this case was, their permitting him to sing the Office for the Dead as he hurried along, and the early hour at which the execution took place. It may be that they had been tried late at night, and the commanding officer wished, for some reason or other, to deprive the public of their usual little excitement; or what is more probable, was utterly indifferent about it, and thought it just as well to dispatch them at that early hour as at a more busy time of the day.

The Marquis de Bedée resided with the Marchioness his wife at his château on the rich and beautiful estate of Bedée, about four leagues from Rennes. They were both advanced in age (being

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between sixty and seventy), and had been married over forty years.

The Rev. Mr. Tostivint, chaplain and tutor to the family, was discovered by the revolutionary agents, concealed in a small building or garden-house in no way connected with the castle, and in which any fugitive might have taken refuge without the knowledge of the family.

The Marquis and Marchioness were, however, arrested at the same time as the priest, and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The priest was, of course, immediately condemned to death. The Marquis, on being questioned, naturally remarked that the hut or shed in which Mr. Tostivint had been found was open to any one who saw fit to enter it, and the priest being there did not bring them within the provisions of the law against those who gave an asylum to ecclesiastics.

But such pleas were of no avail in those times. The Marquis and his wife belonged to an ancient and noble family, and as such were obnoxious to those in power. They were accordingly condemned to suffer death at the same time as the priest.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, M. de Bedée turned towards the Marchioness, and said to her in a quiet and dignified tone of voice: 'We have lived happily together forty years, dear wife, and it is the will of God that we should not be separated now.' Madame de Bedée immediately gave a ready and courageous assent. The words I do not remember, nor was I present when M. de Bedée thus spoke to her; but I heard the whole

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scene described, immediately after it took place, as being most striking and affecting, particularly, they said, on account of the simple but at the same time noble and generous manner with which the Marquis, with his gentle high-bred air, addressed the Marchioness before the very tribunal.

The Rev. Mr. Tostivint was hardly forty years of age. I had his nephew in my theology class when I taught in the Seminary of Rennes. I regret that I have not more particulars regarding him; 'my good uncle,' as the young man always called him, speaking to me about his death. O, how happy that 'good uncle' was, I used to think when we spoke of him, thus to die for his religion!

Another old friend of ours was the Rev. Mr. Sacquet, Rector of St. Martin, one of the parishes of Rennes, who was tall and handsome, with a countenance full of dignity and benevolence. He was at this time about fifty-five years of age, and having been for many years the faithful rector of one of the most populous parishes of the city, consisting of from two to three thousand of the poorest inhabitants in the suburb of the same name (St. Martin), he had long enjoyed the love and veneration of his parishioners and the esteem of the whole city.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Mr. Sacquet had refused to take the oaths, and I think had been exiled to England, from whence he returned, and lived in concealment in that part of the country which was nearest to his parish, or rather within its precincts; for, as was known at my mother's, his usual hiding-place was in a spot near the last house

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of the suburb. Late one evening a report reached our house that Mr. Sacquet had been denounced, and that they were making strict search for his person in the suburb and adjoining neighbourhood. Of course all of us were in the greatest anxiety, and passed a sleepless night in lamentations over those dreadful times, and in fervent prayers for his escape—the frequent and usual occupation of such hours during those days and nights of misery. The least noise in the street startled us. I remember, however, that mixed with these natural fears and regrets there was often a sense of his happiness, if he were taken, in thus suffering for his religion; sometimes ejaculations of: 'O my Lord, if they cannot find him!' 'O, if Thou wouldst be pleased to spare him to us!' 'Alas, our country is too much disgraced by such a deluge of crimes!' 'All religion will soon be taken from us!' But morning came, and the first news was, 'He is taken!' At four o'clock, early in the morning, they found him in a field of wheat which they had completely surrounded, and, by searching diligently every part, he was discovered. He, of course, refused to name the person who had previously given him an asylum, having chosen to go out into the open fields rather than to remain hidden in the house, which was denounced yesterday, and which he left as soon as he was told that the persecutors were coming.

He was brought before the tribunal in the afternoon of the same day, and had a very short interrogatory to undergo—only sufficient to identify his person, which, besides, was familiarly known to every one in the city, and to none better than to

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the judges on the bench. I was present at the examination, but do not remember any particular question or answer. His whole appearance, however, his features, and the expression of his countenance, with its indescribable mixture of dignity, self-possession, and mildness, is as present to me at this moment as it was then. I can hear the sound of his voice now, as—slowly, calmly, and with a certain quiet self-possession—he gave the short answers which the questions required. I remember that all present were impressed by the scene, and there was much more decorum than usual, both in the tribunal and amongst the spectators. Neither can I recall the charge and sentence of the judge; my impression is, that his words and manner were softened by the wonderful influence of that countenance, of which so many said afterwards, 'It seemed as if it were our Lord during His passion,' and others, 'He was like a lamb before so many ravening wolves.'

After the sentence of death had been passed, it was found that the executioner, contrary to his usual custom, was absent. They were obliged to wait half an hour or more before he came; and then, with great brutality and affected hurry, he began to strip the venerable confessor, and prepare him immediately for the scaffold — rudely cutting-off his hair and cutting-away the collar of his shirt, to leave his neck bare for the axe; tying his hands behind his back, and then throwing his coat loosely over his shoulders. I saw him passing along the corridors of the court-house (Palais de Justice) on his

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way to the guillotine, which was but two hundred steps off. The cruel executioner, in so hastily preparing him for the scaffold, had wounded him in the neck, and the blood was running down his breast; but as he passed along to the place of execution, no words could so well express his tranquillity and composure as by saying that he looked at that moment as he used to look when following the processions of the people of his parish on the solemn festivals of the Church. But though I followed him so near, I dared not go and witness the exact moment of his blessed departure from such a world of sin and misery.

One day six priests were tried and sentenced, and executed together. I remember the name of only two of them, Mr. Emery and Mr. Poirier. I was acquainted with Mr. Emery; a small thin man, but strong and energetic in heart and mind. When the persecution became most severe, and many were being sacrificed to its fury, he never relaxed his zeal. It was natural that one so devoted to his religion and king should sympathise with the reaction produced by the revolutionary cruelties; and it was said that he was seen with those who had taken up arms to resist the Revolution. I remember seeing his name mentioned in the proclamations posted up at the corners of the streets by the authority of the representative who then ruled over us, or rather trampled on us, in the name of the Convention and the general commanding the troops. The enemies of the clergy, of course, took advantage of their presence with the insurgents, and particularly of their

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administering the Sacraments to those whom they put to death, to represent them as aiding and abetting in these cruelties. But however much they disapproved of the *lex talionis* which the Chouans were, we may say, driven to put in practice, they could not refuse their ministry to those who became its victims. Mr. Emery was, no doubt, an active partisan in rousing and keeping alive a spirit of resistance to the Revolutionary Government. He was known often to celebrate Mass in the fields, upon the elevated spots of the 'landes,' as they are called in Brittany—vast, uncultivated, wild parts of the country, resembling in appearance the wild prairies of the West. Often five and six thousand persons or more would assemble together, with outposts and watchful friends at a distance, to give the alarm in case of any approaching danger from the Republicans, or Blues as they were called. A short time before he was arrested, I was on a visit to my sister at La Chapelle Bouéxie, about twenty miles from Rennes, a very wild and romantic part of the country; and having accompanied her husband—who had gone out shooting—we suddenly came, on turning a corner of the road, upon three men dressed as peasants; and on accosting them, we discovered that they were Mr. Emery and two other priests. My brother-in-law expostulated very strongly with Mr. Emery and his companions on their imprudence in thus exposing themselves in open day. The remotest parishes were no safer at that time than those near the cities; the whole country swarmed with gendarmes, spies, and Contre-Chouans, as they were called—

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that is, persons who dressed themselves like the insurgents, in order to betray them. It is impossible now to conceive the earnestness with which they hunted after denounced persons, and especially priests. At that time the law of death within twenty-four hours was still in force.

A few days after this meeting, Mr. Emery and five other priests were arrested and brought together before the criminal court at Rennes. My mother saw them as they passed under our windows on their way to the tribunal. She was struck, she said, by the remarkable appearance of Mr. Poirier—a tall old man, with gray hair, and a most dignified and heavenly countenance; and at that moment she witnessed a circumstance which will give, better than any long description, an idea of the spirit of the times.

The guillotine at Rennes, as in most other cities, stood permanently erected upon the public square, all covered with blood, and sometimes with heads exposed upon it. The gendarmes, as they passed along with their prisoners on their way to the tribunal, were accustomed to call their attention to it, and make them look at the fatal scaffold which they were so soon to ascend. 'Look there,' said one of them to Mr. Poirier on this occasion; 'take a look at Madame Guillotine;' the mob at the same time crying out as usual, 'To the guillotine with them!' The venerable old man seemed to take no notice of what he said, and did not turn his face towards it, but walked along modestly with the others. The gendarme, offended, no doubt, at his composure and disregard of his order, immediately struck him a severe blow in

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the face, saying, 'Will you not look there when I tell you? You will soon be there yourself.' 'I see it,' answered Mr. Poirier quietly. These words were related to me by others who were near, and overheard them; but the *blow* dwelt in my mother's memory; and years afterwards, when speaking of those dreadful scenes, she would often mention it. 'Of all those whom I saw passing to the tribunal, and from thence to the scaffold, none had a more venerable appearance than Mr. Poirier;' and then she would tell of that shameful act of barbarity—which, however, was no doubt to Mr. Poirier a precious trait of resemblance to our Lord in His own passion. I do not now recall to mind any peculiar circumstance connected with their trial, except this one, which was so much in character with the fearless and energetic nature of Mr. Emery. The president of the tribunal—Bouassier—had been his schoolmate, and was in the same class with him at college. When, after the usual formal interrogatories, he passed the sentence of death upon his old friend and the venerable men who shared his fate, Mr. Emery immediately addressed him in Latin—reproaching him and those whose cause he served with their crimes, and reminding him of the tribunal of an outraged God, before which he would one day have to appear. The judge turned pale, and appeared much agitated, but called upon the gendarmes to silence him.

They were guillotined, the whole six together, on the same day.

I heard another story regarding the rector of Guignen, a venerable old man, and his vicar, who

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had been a short time before guillotined in the city of Rennes, when I went to see my sister, Madame Jansions, at La Chapelle Bouéxie, a short distance from Guignen; and she then related to me the following incidents of the capture of these two victims:

They had been warned of the search that was being made for them, and attempted to escape through the fields, when they were perceived by those in pursuit of them. They were, however, a considerable distance ahead, and the vicar, who was much the younger and more active, might easily have escaped. They gained, however, upon the old priest, firing their guns at him as they pursued him. The vicar had crossed a brook and ascended the opposite bank, and was out of the reach of his pursuers, when looking back he perceived that the aged rector was unable to get up the steep ascent. His pursuers were shouting with joy at his unavailing efforts. The young man immediately turned back, —to the surprise of the soldiers, who could not but admire his heroic charity,—and endeavoured to assist the good old parish priest. He descended the bank, recrossed the brook, and covering him with his body, strove to help him across. But he was unable to do so before the soldiers came up and took them prisoners, to be led, as both knew well, to certain death. The gendarmes stopped at my sister's house with their prisoners on their way to the city. The leader of the party, the infamous and dreaded D—n, who had already distinguished himself by many similar captures, and was a man of frightful aspect

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and of a most sanguinary disposition, told my sister the circumstances which I have related above, with some expressions of admiration and pity, which were the more striking from the mouth of such a monster. 'I almost regret,' he said, 'that such a brave fellow will have to be put to death after such a noble action. He was quite safe, citizeness (*citoyenne*),' he added. 'We had given him up, but we were gaining on the old one, when lo! he turned back and came to help him across the brook, all the time covering the old man with his body against the fire of our guns. It was a remarkable and affecting scene.' Yet as soon as they had got some refreshments, they hurried on with their prisoners to the tribunal; and from the tribunal they went, that same day, to the scaffold.

But perfect innocence and a blameless life passed in the diligent discharge of humble duties, did not avail to soften the hearts of the republicans. A remarkable instance of this was shown in the case of the Rev. Mr. Clement, a good old priest, who remained concealed in Rennes during the worst time of the persecution, venturing out in disguise, however, often at night, to visit the sick and others who needed him. One night he was obliged to pass near the box of one of the sentries, who hailed him with the usual '*Qui-vive?*' (Who goes there?) If he had returned immediately and resolutely the usual answer, 'Citizen,' he would, in all probability, have been allowed to pass by unmolested; but a sort of ill-judged and ill-timed scruple seized him (as he related afterwards, when in prison), and he hesitated to ans-

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wer by a word which, in the sense they used it in those times as designating one who was friendly to the present order of things, seemed to him to be a lie. He therefore made a vague answer, and attempted to escape by running, thus immediately revealing his suspicious character. He was of course immediately pursued and arrested, and soon after put to death. I remember no other particulars about him, except that he was universally beloved and respected; and long after those sad days 'poor Mr. Clement,' or 'that worthy Mr. Clement,' was often heard uttered with much feeling by the lips of those who had known him.

The Rev. Mr. Casson was arrested at the house of Madame le Grand, an elderly lady of our city, of great piety and zeal. By his presence of mind, however, that excellent man saved his protectress from sharing his fate. Being informed that the gendarmes were coming to search for him, he would not, notwithstanding her entreaties, remain in the place of concealment which had been prepared for him, but went downstairs and stood behind the door, which was the common entrance of all those who, according to the French custom, had their apartments in the different stories of the house, only one of which was occupied by Madame le Grand. It was remarkable, however, that she escaped even in this manner; for her attachment to religion was well known, and the information was most positive that Mr. Casson was concealed in the apartments of this good lady. I was told that she regretted very much not having been permitted to leave this world by so happy a

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death; and I can easily believe it, from my remembrance of the dispositions and feelings of fervent Catholics in those times.

The Rev. Mr. Rangervé was the rector of St. Saviour's, one of the parishes of Rennes. He was arrested in the country about thirty-five miles from Rennes, in company with two brothers La Bigotière, and a Mr. Duplessis of the royal army. Mr. Duplessis had his thigh broken by a bullet, and was carried to the tribunal seated in a chair. They were all condemned to death. The Abbé Rangervé was a man of very commanding appearance and of polished manners. At his trial he seemed to hope that he would be spared, and proved that he was still much attached to life by making explanations and apologies which were strikingly in contrast with the spirit usually exhibited by his brother priests. Nothing in general could be more edifying or more worthy of their holy office than their modest courage, calm resignation, and perfect serenity, which became the more impressive from the turbulent and brutal conduct of their persecutors.

But in Mr. Rangervé's case, I remember we were disappointed at what seemed a degree of weakness —accustomed as we were to see the victims act as if they felt it to be an honour to suffer in so great and glorious a cause as that of religion—and consequently, like the Indians and Iroquois in regard to their braves, to expect that every one called to the honour of dying for his faith would behave in every respect worthy of his exalted principles, his ancestors, the martyrs of old, and his brethren who had

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already been summoned, or who would soon be called upon, to make 'the same good confession.'

Poor Mr. Rangervé did not, however, in any manner betray his duty to his God, except by this little weakness and natural anxiety for life. When condemned, he resumed all his composure, and manifested, as I was told, on the scaffold the same firmness and dignity of bearing which so uniformly graced his brethren through the whole trial.

I knew well at this time Mr. le Moine, a very respectable and pious priest, who exercised his holy ministry in the parishes of Maure and La Chapelle Bouéxie, which last place was, as I have already stated, the residence of one of my sisters. She went to confession to him, and when it was possible, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice at the farm-houses in the remoter parts of the country. I often heard her speak of him as a very holy man, who preserved in the midst of all the horrors and confusion of those days a wonderful calm and spirit of recollection. His death was accompanied by many atrocities. The circumstances were as follows, though here stated shortly; she could not, after all her inquiries, obtain more minute details.

Having been arrested by a party of the revolutionists who were scouring that part of the country, they at first intended to take him a prisoner to Rennes. When, however, they had gone four or five miles on the way, and were passing along the dike which confines the waters of a large pond or lake near the beautiful country-seat of La Masse, in the parish of Baulon, some of the soldiers

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suggested that it would be better to dispatch him at once. A few of them were opposed to shedding his blood with their own hands. The more ferocious, however, prevailed; and they began to hack him to pieces with their sabres, some at the same time piercing him with their bayonets, so that he was soon dead.

These are all the circumstances I can remember of this terrible event, of which my sister told me at the time, bewailing with a flood of tears the fate of her good pastor. 'O, my dearest brother! what an excellent man Mr. le Moine was!' I remember she said.

I was in Rennes at the time this murder occurred, and we heard of it a few days after when the party of soldiers returned to the city. I happened to hear one of them myself expressing his regret at what had occurred, though he was one of those who had been maddened by the errors of those times to an excess of rage against everything holy and good which it is almost impossible now to conceive; and yet before the Revolution he had been an honest, sober, decent, and even good man, a respectable mechanic in good circumstances, remarkable for his industry and orderly life; and his was the case of a large number—I may say of the greatest number—of the persecutors. This shows how much those wicked and impious wretches were to be pitied.

The Rev. Mr. Gautier was, at the time of the Revolution, vicar of the parish of Brutz, about two leagues and a half from Rennes. Brutz was the

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first place in which I exercised the holy ministry, having been sent thither from the seminary during the Easter vacations in 1809, to assist the parish priest. This was sixteen years after the event which I am about to relate, when the memory of their good vicar was still warm in the hearts of the parishioners; and I well remember the sort of half-suppressed murmur in which they expressed their indignation against those who had been the cause of his death, as if afraid to violate the injunction of forgiveness which their dying pastor had imposed upon them.

He was betrayed in his hiding-place during the terrors of 1793-94. The zealous and faithful friend who had concealed him attempted to resist his pursuers, and received a thrust of a sabre, which caused all his bowels to fall out, and when conveyed away in company with Mr. Gautier, he was unable to walk; the soldiers having dragged him along for some distance in this state, were obliged to procure a cart, in which they placed them. The priest supported his poor friend across his knees, and in this manner heard his confession and prepared him for death. In this way they proceeded through the village of St. James, which is situated between Brutz and Rennes, the soldiers marching on each side of the cart. How often, in retracing their steps years afterwards, has that scene come again before my mind's eye! Whilst passing through St. James's, the poor wounded man drew near his end; and Mr. Gautier informed the soldiers of the fact, and entreated them to stop, that he

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might die more quietly. His words touched their hard hearts, and they stopped the cart. Then Mr. Gautier drew forth his Ritual and the holy oils which he had with him; and there in the cart in the middle of the road, surrounded by those who were carrying him to death, he administered to the poor dying friend who had lost his life in endeavouring to save his, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. A moment after, the poor man breathed his last, and then they again urged on the horse. After all, to the eye of faith, that poor cart, thus carrying the living and the dead, was their triumphal car—the one already gone to receive his reward, and the other so soon to follow him! As I have said, in passing along the same road afterwards, I have often endeavoured to enter into the feelings of that good priest, as in this way he was dragged along through the streets of Rennes, by the towers of St. Peter's, so familiar to him, where a short time before he would have received so many marks of respect on every side; but now all was changed. Stopping before the municipality, the mob gathered round and gazed at their victims—the priest seated in the cart, and his dead friend lying beside him a ghastly corpse. 'Is he dead?' they asked; and then they uttered their horrid jokes, and some cried out, 'To the guillotine!' After some delay the corpse was taken out of the cart and disposed of, and Mr. Gautier was carried to prison. (Des Portes Saint Michel.)

Some days elapsed before he received his sentence. The new law to hasten the executions

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within twenty-four hours after the capture, had not yet been published. Many of his parishioners came to visit him, and I have heard that his constant lesson to them all was, pardon after his death to those who had denounced him and made known his hiding-place to the authorities. I remember perfectly well that the day after he was guillotined and received his crown of glory, the good Sisters of Charity, who were still permitted to serve the prisons (so difficult was it to find any one to replace them), sent to my mother a copy of Mr. Gautier's last will or address to his parishioners, written the evening before his death. I had it a long time in my possession, but somehow or other it has been lost. I remember how often we shed tears over it as we read those words of charity, faith, and zeal for the cause of religion, which was then assailed with such desperate fury. He himself was so calm, so happy to leave a world deluged with crime, but so anxious for those he left behind him! I remember the solicitude of the good pastor and tender father, with his deep sense of the increasing danger of the times for the faith and piety of his flock. He insisted most on this point, and made appropriate exhortations to each class of his people—the aged, the married, the youths, the children; and at the conclusion, several lines were taken up with the most fervent entreaties and solemn charges to forgiveness, urging on them the precept of our divine Lord, his own free and full pardon being expressed in the most affecting manner. Unfortunate denunciators! what must they have felt

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when these exhortations of their betrayed and murdered pastor came to their knowledge!—for they must have heard of them, perhaps read them, for many copies were made and passed from hand to hand. And such of them as survived those days of delirum, and who saw that religion, which they had hoped to root out, rising in new majesty amidst the ruins of her desolute sanctuaries and the bleaching bones of her holy martyrs—how must they have repented of so much folly and barbarity, all useless, and they—as was often the case—obliged to seek an escape from the pangs of remorse at the feet of the successors of their victims! I remember a very striking case of this in the very parish of Brutz, of which Mr. Gautier was the vicar. The schoolmaster and head chorister was one of the few in that excellent parish who had drunk of the cup of revolutionary madness. When I went there to assist Mr. Massiot in 1809, I noticed his still clear and pleasing voice as he sang in the choir; and afterwards Mr. Massiot said to me, 'Did you notice that old man who led the choir? He was one of the *bonnets rouge* here, an infuriated Jacobin; and now, thanks be to the mercy of God, one of my best parishioners—so penitent a sinner, so humbled and distressed at the remembrance of those days, although I never allude to it; and we all instinctively avoid saying anything in his presence which may wound his feelings.'

Mr. Massiot had himself been a confessor of the faith and an exile in those days. One day, a young man of the most pleasing and prepossessing coun-

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tenance, full of candour and modesty, was recommended to my mother by a friend as a priest from the department of Calvados (Caen), who having been too closely hunted in his own country, had sought rest and security in our city. I, of course, became acquainted with him, and soon very intimate. Good Mr. Delaitre, how pleasant were the hours and days we spent together! We studied in one room, and then stole out into the country and roamed about, his tender piety making use of everything to turn my thoughts towards God. I see his countenance now, as, full of enthusiasm and divine charity, he expressed to me his love for religion and his willingness to suffer for it, although the attachment and anxiety of his friends made him take precautions. The persecution being still severe in the city, he left it and went to my sister's at La Chapelle Bouéxie. After a while, when the law of death for the priests was changed into that of banishment to the pestilential coasts of Cayenne, he returned to Rennes and lived with Mr. Petysain, a pious merchant, passing as his clerk. One day, however, as he was crossing the public square, a spy from his own department recognised him, and bade him follow him to the municipality; from the municipality he went to prison; and from the prison, where I often visited him and passed many pleasant moments, he was soon after sent to his doom in the pestilential lands of Cayenne.

The morning of their departure I was woke about four o'clock by a rap at the door. A poor country-woman ran from the market, which was near

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the prison, to my mother. 'O, Madame Bruté, those good priests are starting from St. Michael's [the name of the prison]; the order was given suddenly last night; they are all in the cart already.' I ran there as quickly as I could; they were just leaving. I approached as near as I dared; they were in an open wagon, seated on their trunks, surrounded by mounted gendarmes. My dear Mr. Delaitre was there with his serene and impressive countenance as usual. When he saw me, he waved his hand toward me, raising up his eyes to heaven, and his other hand, saying merely, 'Deo gratias, Deo gratias!' ('Thanks be to God!') and the cart moved on.

After a few months we heard that his health had yielded to the effects of the climate, and that he had left the land of his double exile for that better country, where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

As I have mentioned, I usually went to the Criminal Court, where the priests were generally tried; but on one occasion I went to the Military Tribunal, and was at the trial and condemnation of a Christian Brother. I have not a very distinct remembrance of the circumstances, though I can still see the tall spare form of Mr. Martien, and hear his voice as he pleaded in vain before his persecutors. The trial took place in the evening, and the president of the court was a kind of philosopher, who made a great affectation of wisdom, and often spoke at the club (*Société Populaire*). Several persons were arraigned at the same time, for some pretended conspiracy, I think. Mr. Martien pleaded in his de-

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fence that he was not a priest or an ecclesiastic in any sense of the word; that although associated with others in a religious society, he was but a schoolmaster and nothing more—a schoolmaster devoted to the education of poor children, which, if they were sincere in their professions of attachment to the poor and the principles of fraternity, ought to be a claim on their gratitude. All this was very true; but this was a sort of fraternity and devotion to the poor they had no sympathy with; and notwithstanding the validity of his plea, he was immediately condemned to death. He was, I think, from St. Malo, and had spent fourteen years in his humble but holy vocation as a teacher of the children of the poor.*

The Rev. Father Kergaté of the Society of Jesus lived at Rennes during the persecutions of 1793. I remember his mildness and charity and his emaciated countenance, which told of self-denial and mortification; while his gentleness and politeness of manner indicated a spirit of true holiness. The alarms and horrors of the times seemed not to affect his peace, though, being a priest, he was necessarily a devoted victim. He could not bear the passionate expressions which, in the secrecy of almost every family, were uttered against the authors of so many dreadful crimes and cruelties. 'Speak not so,' he

* The Christian Brothers, or Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes, were founded by the Venerable John Baptist de la Salle in 1679, for the education of poor children. They were reëstablished after the Revolution, and have charge at present of most of the primary schools in France. The Abbé John de Lamennais, brother of the celebrated Félicité de Lamennais, has also founded a somewhat similar institute for the poorer villages, which need only a single teacher, as the Christian Brothers always send two together.

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would say to his friends, when they gave vent to their indignation and reproaches in his presence. 'Why so much anger? What harm can they do us, after all? The extreme effect of their rage will only be to send us the sooner to our reward; and in the mean while they afford us continual occasions of acquiring merit, if we will only be careful to cherish in our souls the spirit of patience and sincere forgiveness. Do we not remember, and shall we not imitate, our Blessed Lord, who was *silent* in the hands of His tormentors? Nay, good souls, are not these unfortunate men, against whom you manifest so much severity, objects of solicitude and pity, rather than their victims? Think of the condition of *their souls*, in what horrid misery and danger they are, and your anger will soon change into compassion and tears of true charity. When you meet a poor creature all covered with abominable ulcers, is it anger that you feel towards him? Would you take the rod and strike the poor miserable object? Where is our faith, when we forget the condition of the soul, the only just measure of our feelings if we are good Christians? God forbid that we should forget the excellency of the graces offered to us through them; and our only sorrow should be that these unhappy benefactors so far expose their own souls when they do but hasten and secure the bliss of ours. Pity, the most tender pity, for them is our duty; all the rest is wrong, and faults of nature.'

Thus, or rather to this purpose, did that good and charitable priest often speak. He died not long after Robespierre, when the persecution was greatly

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mitigated, yet still fierce enough against the clergy, especially if caught in the exercise of their holy functions. To the last there were plenty of opportunities afforded us to practise good Father Kergaté's advice; and it required much grace, and a strong sense of religion and charity, not to give way to imprecations against such miscreants, especially when they committed all these atrocities in the name of liberty and public virtue.

And yet Father Kergaté was right; and if we be good Christians, we should forgive and pray for our persecutors. The prayer of St. Stephen, the old Fathers say, converted Saul: 'Si martyr Stephanus non orasset, Ecclesia Paulum hodie non haberet.'

I remember being present one day when two brothers were condemned to death as enemies of the Republic. It was in 1793, during the height of the Terror. They were peasants,* simple field-labourers; the one a husband and father, the other younger and unmarried. The scene was very affecting, especially when they returned to prison after hearing the sentence which sent them to die together the next morning. They were in the prime of life, in

* It is often supposed that only the higher classes, the nobles and clergy, suffered in the revolutionary fury. 'The republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

GUILLOTINED.

Noblemen	1,278
Noble women	750
Wives of labourers and artisans	1,467
Religieuses	356
Priests	1,135
Common persons not nobles	13,623

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the consciousness of honesty and innocence. The poor husband and father, in particular, wept bitterly. 'Ah, my brother,' said the younger one to him, 'do not thus give way to grief: how happy rather are we, so soon to go to heaven!' 'To be sure, my brother; but my poor wife and my children, what will become of them?' and he wept the more, though with true resignation in his heart. 'Weep not,' insisted the younger; 'do you think God will abandon them? And since we shall see Him so soon, will we not pray much more for them there?' And so they went to death and to heaven.

Mr. Boisleve was a lawyer, and was regarded in the parliament and courts of Rennes as the most eminent jurist, and the most clear-headed and able counsellor at the bar; not particularly distinguished

Victims under Carrier at Nantes		32,000
Of whom were:		
Children shot	500	
Children drowned	1,500	
Women shot	264	
Women drowned	500	
Priests shot	300	
Priests drowned	460	
Nobles drowned	1,400	
Artisans drowned	5,300	
Victims at Lyons		31,000

'In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons, on the 2d of September; the victims of the Glacière of Avignon; those shot at Toulon, Marseilles, or persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished.

'It is remarkable in this dismal catalogue how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life; so rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower crders, and so widely is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors.' Alison's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 310, Am. ed.; Prudhomme, *Vic. de la Révol.*; Chateaubriand, *Etud. Hist.*

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as an orator, but the very light of his profession as a counsel. He was, at the same time, a living saint, a model of innocence and simplicity and old-fashioned manners; modest and affable in his deportment, disinterested and charitable in the exercise of his profession, and well known to all for his sincere piety and attachment to religion. Every morning he was present at the early Mass,* celebrated

* The following remarks, headed 'EARLY MASS,' were among Bishop Brute's papers:

'In our France, when I was a child, there were so many churches and so many priests, that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was, as it were, at the door of every one. Almost all the people used to be present at Mass every morning before the Revolution. It was so ages back, and it would be so still, O merciful Lord, if Thy people had better known and made a better use of Thy infinite love. But Thou hast again shown mercy to them, and, notwithstanding all their ingratitude and wickedness, hast restored to them in a great measure Thy former blessings. Early Mass is the joy of every faithful family: some of its members can generally be present at the morning Sacrifice; great numbers do attend it again, early, all over our favoured France. O, how many untold blessings are brought down from heaven by that pure oblation thus offered up all over the land, a holocaust of propitiation, impetration, and thanksgiving! When I was a child, many thousands must have heard Mass every morning in our city of Rennes, in some families, all the members. There were nine persons, including the servants, in our household; and habitually they had all heard Mass before eight o'clock, when we assembled for breakfast. My good mother was an early riser, and having awakened the rest of the family, she was accustomed to go to the first Mass, or at any rate to the second, for the first Mass was as early as four o'clock in summer. There was always a Mass at that hour at the church of the Bonne Nouvelle of the Dominicans, called the Mass of the Travellers, at which those who were about starting on a journey, and those also who were going into the country on pleasure parties, used to be present. My mother often went to this Mass, and I remember hearing her say, "It is astonishing, my child, how many there were at the Messe des Voyageurs this morning!" Before she left the house she used to charge her maid to see that we all got up and were ready in time; and I now call to mind her pleasant cheerful look when she used to return towards five o'clock, and hurry us off to get our share in those precious early graces; she, with her day of labour and often of great anxiety before her, all brightened and cheered by the consolations of that first action of the day, the assisting at the adorable Sacrifice.'

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before five o'clock in the Convent of the Dominicans, kneeling behind a pillar, absorbed in recollection, so as to touch every one that noticed him. My impression is that every morning he went to Communion (though of this I will not be certain, for my mother so often spoke to me of that worthy man), and then returning behind his pillar, and spending a short time in prayer, he would go home and give himself up to the conscientious discharge of the drudgery which his great reputation and extensive practice imposed on him. He made it a rule never to take fees in the case of widows and minors, and adhered to it even in those instances where circumstances by no means required it.

Nothing can give a more striking evidence of the influence which his character had obtained over the minds of all, than the fact that, in the midst of the wildest fury of the Revolution, it prevailed over the fanaticism of the most infuriated Jacobins, who surrounded him with an involuntary respect. I remember a striking example of this which occurred one day. Mr. Boisleve was accustomed to take a walk by himself every morning in the public promenade. One day, as he was proceeding to the place, he approached the corner of a street where a number of the most furious Jacobins were congregated together, engaged in a loud discussion. He saw them; and though, according to his custom, he made no effort to avoid them, yet he intended to go round them; when all at once, as he approached them, they opened the way for him right and left, and taking off their hats and caps, they permitted

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him to pass through their ranks in silence, bowing slightly to him; he himself silent, and almost frightened at these marks of respect, if anything could have moved his quiet and superior soul. The moment he had passed they themselves were surprised at what they had done towards one who, as they said, was 'none of us.' It was, in truth, the sudden and involuntary acknowledgment of superior worth, and the influence of a long and justly-enjoyed reputation, overpowering for a moment conscious vileness and wickedness.

Mr. Boisleve was attacked by his last sickness in the height of the Revolution, a short time after the decree had been issued of death to any priest within twenty-four hours after being arrested. A friend, however, offered to procure him the assistance of a priest, in order that he might receive the last consoling and strengthening Sacraments of the Church. 'No, my friend,' answered Mr. Boisleve; 'I have been a long time preparing for this moment; I will trust myself to God, and will not expose any of His ministers to lose their lives on my account, when their services are so much needed for others who have neglected perhaps to prepare for death.' It was an heroic act of self-sacrifice in one of such ardent faith, and who had such love and veneration above all for the Blessed Sacrament, thus to resign it at that moment. And so he died as he had lived, the model of a fervent Christian. My mother knew him very intimately, and revered him as a saint. He had been of great service to her after my father's death. It is the more pleasing to recall his virtues,

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because so many who belonged to his profession acted differently in those days of madness.

Two sisters, the Countesses de Renac, unmarried ladies, between thirty and forty years of age, lived together in a handsome little hotel facing the public promenade, called La Motte à Madame, in the city of Rennes. My mother was accustomed to take her morning walk there; and a few days before the events which I am about to relate, one of the ladies beckoned to her to come near the house, and said to her, 'Madame Bruté, would you like to assist at Mass to-day?'

To be present at the Holy Sacrifice was at that time an inestimable privilege, so long and generally had Catholics been deprived of it by the terrible persecution of those days, which had then become more severe on account of the decree lately put forth, and to which I have alluded in the previous sketch, imposing the 'penalty of death upon those who lodged a priest, and upon the priest himself, within twenty-four hours after their arrest.'

My mother, on account of these circumstances, declined to be present, and earnestly entreated them to be more cautious at such a fatal period, when they ought to be too happy if they could save the life of the priest and their own.

The priest whom they had concealed in their hotel was the Rev. Mr. Marechal, a young, fervent, and well-informed man, about thirty-five years of age.

A few days after that but too much-needed caution—for these good and zealous ladies, as well as

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the priest himself, were too imprudent—their house was denounced to the authorities as certainly harbouring some of the devoted victims.

Valeray, one of the most active and bloodthirsty agents of the revolutionary committee, and who alone had made almost half of the arrests which had taken place, was appointed to make the search. He had received information that the priest there concealed was Mr. Marechal, who had been his schoolfellow and particular friend. The information was in fact so precise, as to leave no doubt that he was in the hotel. Valeray consequently went thither with some of his most active and trusty men, and made a most careful examination of the whole house; and yet after spending hours at the work, hunting over and over every corner from the cellar to the garret, nothing was found. The ladies were present, composed, and on their guard against every cunning request or question.

At length Valeray, finding that he was likely to be defeated in his purpose, took the ladies aside, and said to them with consummate hypocrisy, 'You see, ladies, the ardour of my men; the denunciation is so positive, that we have no doubt that Mr. Marechal is here. He will assuredly be discovered. I am most willing and anxious that he may escape; but without exposing myself, I am obliged to fulfil my commission and urge my men to a more exact and diligent search. There is but one chance for him, ladies, and that is for you to tell me where the poor fellow is concealed—my old friend, my old schoolfellow—this sad duty is so hard for me! If you

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will tell me where he is, I will keep my men away from that particular spot.'

The two ladies looked at each other; and the moment's hesitation was remarked by Valeray. He insisted now more earnestly, with the most fervent protestations of his settled purpose to save Mr. Marechal, if they would but trust him so far on behalf of his unfortunate friend, whose discovery would also be the doom of two ladies so much respected in the city, and so much to be pitied. One of the ladies looked anxiously at the other, and by the expression of her countenance seemed to ask if they ought not to seize upon this chance of safety for their pastor. The other, less trusting, answered by a forbidding and warning look; but the more confiding heart of her sister could not resist the eager entreaties of the man, and she pointed out to him the place of Mr. Marechal's concealment, which was behind one of those double walls or ceilings—the contrivance of which was carried to great perfection in those times. The persecutors were, however, seldom foiled; they had so many ways of finding out these hiding-places —by measuring and sounding, with long iron rods and pikes, every suspicious corner. No sooner had the good lady given the desired hint than Valeray called out with joy to his men to come and pull down the boards which concealed his victim; and as soon as he perceived the friend whom he had so wretchedly betrayed, he said to him: 'I am sorry, my dear Marechal, that this office has fallen to me, but the will of the nation must be carried out. We will soon see the last of your cloth; follow me.'

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They were all, of course, immediately hurried to the tribunal; the two noble ladies more afflicted at the fate of their excellent friend and the unfortunate manner in which his capture had been brought about by their fatal confidence in the promise of that wicked man, than afraid to suffer and receive the crown of faith and charity, which became for so many in those times an object of envy and ardent desire.

What I have related so far is founded upon the information given to me at the time; as to what follows I was an eye-witness. As soon as I heard of their having been carried before the tribunal, I followed them there and took my place close by the victims. The priest was on one side, and was the first called upon to answer; the ladies were seated on the opposite side. 'Your name?' asked the president. 'Write,' said he, actually dictating to the clerk of the tribunal, 'that my name is Marechal.' The clerk having written this down, the second question was put as usual, 'Your profession?' and Mr. Marechal again dictated, as if with the intention of preserving his replies from misrepresentation, 'Write a Roman Catholic apostolic priest.' The clerk turned with impatience to the president, and asked if he was obliged to write down this answer, which the citizen had dictated to him with so much coolness and formality. The president answered, 'No matter; write it down as he spoke it.' Two or three other questions were then addressed to Mr. Marechal, which I have forgotten. I remember, however, that he stated with great calmness and force the principles which had

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caused him to refuse compliance with the requisitions of the law in regard to oaths, &c.; and that he manifested an uncommon degree of self-possession, moderation, and politeness during his short interrogatory.

The ladies were then called upon to answer in their turn. Unfortunately I cannot now recall to mind the questions that were put to them, nor their answers; though when I went home from these strange scenes I could, as I have said, relate every word and circumstance. But although I cannot now recall what was said to them, yet I can still see those two gentle ladies, wearing black caps and mantles—according to the fashion of the city—both tall, slender, pale, and with mild and interesting countenances.

The whole matter was, as usual, hurried over in the most expeditious manner; the law being clear and express, and allowing of no qualifications. The sentence of death was passed upon Mr. Marechal and the two ladies by the president of the tribunal, Bouassier. Even that unhappy man seemed to be affected on this occasion. He knew the ladies well, and was conscious of all the injustice and horror of the deed he was committing; his countenance and voice became altered in the most frightful manner. I can distinctly see him now, as he appeared at that moment, and can hear his harsh, sad, angry voice. I remember that I pitied him more than I did his victims.

Whilst the sentence was being pronounced, one of the sisters could not bear to hear the awful word—*death*. She fainted, and falling from her seat, lay

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senseless upon the floor. All seemed affected. She was soon raised, however, and assisted, if I remember well, by Mr. Marechal and her sister, who united in this office with the gendarmes. What occurred after this moment, until they left the court, is confused in my mind; and I do not wish to record anything except what I distinctly remember. They were soon led from the tribunal to the guillotine; and there I could never prevail upon myself to be present. I always hastened from the tribunal to relate all that had occurred to my family and to other friends; trembling almost—whilst we mingled our tears together—lest some one should enter, or some traitor should be at hand, to denounce us.

To manifest any pity towards the enemies of the Republic, or the priests, or the 'fanatical devotees' —as they were called—who endeavoured to protect them, was a sufficient cause for being denounced as 'suspect;' and there were no less than ten different constituted authorities, who had power to commit persons thus suspected to prison; and many hundred persons were at that time crowded into these 'prisons des suspects'—the men in the ancient Convent of the Trinity, and the women in an establishment called 'The Good Shepherd,' which had previously been a house of refuge for penitent females.

I was informed, that when the Countesses of Renac went up to the scaffold, they were supported and encouraged to the last by Mr. Marechal, who, as being a priest, and therefore the 'most guilty,' had to suffer death the last. The one who fainted at the

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tribunal fainted again on the scaffold, and was guillotined in that condition, senseless and unconscious.

The president of the tribunal, Bouassier, received such a shock on this particular occasion, that his health was ever afterwards vitally affected; his pale, bilious, and emaciated face, his hollow voice and frequent sighs, all showed the anguish of his mind. When Bonaparte came into power, he was allowed to retain his place as judge and president of the court; but according to the stories which circulated at the time, life was a burden to him, and his existence very miserable. One day, several years after the events above related had taken place, he was taking a solitary walk on that very spot, La Motte à Madame, opposite to which stood the Hôtel de Renac, when suddenly he heard his name called—'Bouassier!' He turned round, but seeing nobody, he continued his walk to the other end of the alley, where a second time he heard 'Bouassier!' This alarmed him, but he continued his walk; when a third time he heard his name plainly called, 'Bouassier!' and then, in the utmost agitation and alarm, he turned to some young men whom he saw approaching, and who, perhaps, he thought, were playing him some trick. 'What is the matter, gentlemen; why am I called?' 'The matter, sir!' they answered; 'don't you perceive it is the voice of the ladies at that hotel?' pointing to the Hôtel de Renac. Bouassier returned home in the greatest distress of mind, and, I think, fell sick immediately. Certain it is that he died a short time after this event. And there is a circumstance still

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more remarkable connected with his death which I must not pass over. During his last illness he was attended by Dr. Dulattay, his old friend, an excellent physician and a very religious man. The evening before he died, the doctor, seeing how low he was, said to him, 'My dear Bouassier, you are very ill indeed, and have but a short time to live; would you not like to see one of our old friends—for instance, Father Gaffard?' Father Gaffard was a Carmelite, and had been the schoolfellow of both; he was a very learned man, and noted for his devotion and zeal in the discharge of his duties. 'O, yes!' said the unfortunate dying man; 'it would comfort me very much.' The doctor immediately went in search of Father Gaffard; and at eleven o'clock at night, if I remember rightly, the good father hastened with anxious joy to save, if possible, his former persecutor. What happiness for any priest—still more for one who had been his friend in better days! But O, the terrible judgment of God! When he, who had so cruelly put the priests to death, wanted one, he was not permitted to have that blessing. His own son, who had been brought up by him in the school of Voltaire and Rousseau, and who had been himself conspicuous amongst the most infuriated Jacobins during the horrid times of Robespierre, stood in the way. He received Father Gaffard with the most angry countenance; told him that his father was a better man than himself (the priest), and needed none of his assistance to die properly. Father Gaffard pleaded in vain, and was not permitted to enter. Bouassier died that night.

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May his desire have been accepted, and his victims have enjoyed the happiness of meeting him in heaven, for whom they had so often and so fervently poured forth their prayers with their very blood!

The above circumstances were related to me at the time by those who had an opportunity of knowing them, and I have no doubt of their truth.*

[*Editor's Note.* So end Bishop Bruté's notes on the Revolution of '93 as it affected his own home and neighbourhood. But he added to them a short notice of the share his Vendean friends had in these sufferings, together with an account of the way in which his Sundays were passed during that terrible epoch; which we think will be equally interesting to our readers, and which we therefore insert here.]

* Tresvaux, vol. ii. p. 108, relates the same circumstances in regard to the death of Bouassier, and says that they were told to him by very respectable persons as having been well known to every one at the time.

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CHAPTER III.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS SUNDAYS AT THAT TIME.

THERE is not in history a greater contrast than that presented between the Vendeans and their oppressors. On the one side is an exhibition of everything that dignifies human nature; on the other of everything that degrades and debases it. A virtuous and brave peasantry fighting for their altars and firesides without arms, and unacquainted with military discipline, and yet overthrowing and driving back large and powerful armies, returning the cruelties inflicted upon them by kindness when victorious: such is the picture presented by the peasants of La Vendée. On the other hand, the cruelties practised upon them is one of the darkest shades in the dark picture of the French Revolution. Cathelineau, the virtuous peasant, who was the first general of the Vendeans, and the infamous Carrier, the author of the noyades at Nantes, may stand as types of the two parties.

In 1793 the National Convention, maddened apparently by the successful resistance of the peasants of La Vendée, issued a decree of desolation against the province: the villages to be burned, the men put to death wherever found, and the women and children to be removed into the interior of France.

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Vast numbers passed through our city of Rennes, on the way to their place of banishment; and often being obliged to halt for a short time, they were billeted for lodgings amongst the various families of the city. On one occasion a poor woman, her two daughters, and a servant-maid, were sent to our house, and permitted to rest themselves for a few days before proceeding on their journey. Their destination, if I remember rightly, was Caen, in the ancient province of Normandy. Poor indeed they were. Before leaving home they had seen the house which had so long sheltered them, and in which they had enjoyed so many happy hours, burnt to the ground, their fields spoiled and devastated, and the husband and father fled to the Vendean army, with small probability of ever seeing him again, or perhaps ever hearing of his fate. The good wife was about forty years of age, or rather less — the picture of a fine healthy woman, now worn-out by fatigue and anxiety, soon to be quite broken down by sorrow. The two daughters were sixteen and eighteen, one taller than the mother, and both bearing in their countenances and conduct the evidence of the virtuous domestic training they had received; so modest and retiring, and yet so courageous, and so full of tender affection and respect for their mother. The one that pleased me most, however, was the strong, single-hearted servant-maid; so humble, so faithful, and yet so little conscious of her worth; the friend now—once evidently the trusted and kindly-treated servant at home, and in this hour of trouble, the best of friends. When the mis-

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tress knew of their doom, she sent her man-servant with a small sum of money to Nantes, by byways, to wait for their arrival, when the 'infernal column,' as it was justly called, should come to execute the decree to destroy their property and drive them from their home. When the party that came to their house had done their work, and carried them to Nantes, she sought for the trusted servant; but a few days of temptation had wrought a great change in him; he denied the deposit, and threatened if they said anything about the matter to denounce them to the authorities. At that cruel moment the poor mistress turned to her maid and said, 'Now, my child, you will have to leave us; I have no longer the means of recompensing you for your services. You are strong, and can easily obtain permission to remain in Nantes, and find some means of supporting yourself. As for my daughters and myself, misery is our doom; we must go on, and abandon ourselves into the hands of Providence.' 'Not so, good mistress,' was the answer of the poor girl. 'I will not leave you, and what I can earn shall be for us all;' and so it was. The tears start to my eyes now as I recall with what expressions of tenderness the afflicted mistress dwelt upon the devotion, fidelity, and laborious services of the good handmaid wherever they had been. I remember that even during the few days they stayed with us, the faithful servant endeavoured to find some work in the city, in order to supply funds to assist the family in their farther wanderings. My mother pitied and respected them, and did all that was in her power

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to protect and help them. It was the more sad; for at the same time no less than fourteen soldiers were billeted upon us—a party of those very men who had just been committing such horrors in La Vendée—and amidst their riotings, their chief occupation was to boast of what they had done, taking pleasure, apparently, in rehearsing their basest and most abominable deeds; so that these poor Vendean exiles, notwithstanding all my mother's care, were obliged, more or less, to listen to these heart-rending details, and have their wounds opened afresh; for nothing made these monsters more violent than the sight of their victims.

Mr. Joyaux was the 'intendant,' as it was called, of the château and domains of the Prince of Rieux, about fifty miles from Rennes. The last time I saw this excellent and most respectable man, the shadow of death was hovering over him, and was reflected in every feature of his face. He was dying literally of sorrow, brought upon him by the events of those sad days, and which was so deep as to have triumphed over the best efforts of his brave and religious soul. The proscription of religion, the slaughter of the priests, the destruction of so many noble and ancient families, who had been so much respected and loved in our Brittany—all this was more than he could bear. But the event which was the last bitter drop in his cup of affliction was the fatal end of the Quiberon expedition. Amongst those who were put to death on that occasion, after having capitulated, was the young Prince de Rieux, the last of that ancient family, and one in every way

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worthy of his noble name. What made it the more sad was, that he would have escaped had it not been for an almost unavoidable mistake made by Mr. Joyaux himself, the most devoted adherent and friend of the young Prince, and who would gladly have laid down his own life to save him. When the prisoners had capitulated, they were led to Auray, a few miles distant from the place of the action, where they were confined under a strong guard. After a mock trial they were condemned to death as émigrés, and taken out by detachments to be shot. Still, even in this short interval, many escaped; some by accident, as it were, in the midst of the confusion, and some by bribing the soldiers. Mr. Joyaux was at Rieux, the manor of the young Prince, about twenty miles from Auray, when he received a letter, written by a common and zealous friend: 'Come immediately, and bring 3,000 francs, and you can save the Prince;' but on the back was written, by some strange fatality, 'You will be too late; before you arrive the Prince will be shot.' Overcome by his feelings, Mr. Joyaux dropped the letter, and thinking all was over, gave himself up to his sorrow; and it was not until two or three hours had been lost that, recovering from his despair, it occurred to him that he ought to have gone at any rate. He immediately set off with the money, and found, on reaching Auray, that if he had arrived a few minutes sooner, he would have been in time. The Prince had just been shot. The affectionate heart of the good old man was broken, and the faithful friend soon followed his beloved young Prince. 'He

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was the last, madame!' I remember hearing him say to my mother; 'he was the last, the hope of that ancient and noble race, and I was the cause of his death by my fatal delay. O, that terrible postscript!' No reasoning or words of consolation could soothe the sorrow which preyed upon him. He lost his appetite, could eat nothing, and in a few months after he died. One of Mr. Joyaux's sons afterwards lost his life in the royal cause.

I was at school in my youth with Armand de Montluc, the son of one of the most ancient and richest families of our nobility. He had a mild and amiable disposition, a very agreeable countenance, a pious nature, a loving heart, and was much beloved by us all. Of his charity to the poor (the darling virtue of his family), I recall many instances which came to my knowledge. How many others are unknown! When very young his father gave him a louis-d'or (a guinea) for pocket-money. The day after, the washerwoman, a poor widow with a family, found it in the foot of one of his stockings, put there designedly by our good Armand, who thought in his simplicity that she would keep it, and he have the merit of a good action without the praise. The poor woman understood the whole matter as soon as she found the money, and brought it to the duchess, with tears of pleasure and admiration running down her cheeks. Armand's gift was ratified by his parents, and from that time they provided for all the wants of his poor old protégée. Dear Armand! he died young, in exile, obliged like so many others to flee from France.

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His father and mother also died in exile, although the most charitable and benevolent persons in our city. Madame de Montluc—though I was very young then, yet I retain a most vivid recollection of her features and appearance, of small stature, a most pleasing countenance, and gentle manners—not only bestowed upon the poor (with the consent of her worthy husband, for they were of one heart in all these matters) a considerable portion of their income, but regularly visited them at their homes, and attended them in their sickness, rendering to them all offices of charity with her own hands. She overcame every natural repugnance, and was deterred by no danger. At one time our city was visited by disease of a very contagious and disgusting character, but this good lady only manifested the greater zeal. She went everywhere, attending upon those who were attacked by it; until at length an attached servant who used to accompany her, was so overpowered by repugnance and the fear of death, that he actually refused to go with her any more, and she continued to go alone and perform the most menial and often disgusting offices.

The well-known Mademoiselle de Cicé was a sister of Madame de Montluc. She resided in Paris, and was a truly holy soul, so devoted to deeds of charity that she could not avoid being known and esteemed. This excellent woman was on a very remarkable occasion tried for her life, and came very near losing it, from the horror she had of committing a venial sin by telling an official

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lie to save herself.* In vain did her counsel represent to her the legal course of things, and the danger to which the positive enactment of the law exposed her—the judges, whatever they might think or feel, being obliged to go the full length of their inflexible line. She could not be persuaded to deviate, by a positive untruth, from the facts as they were known to her. Her noble candour was, after all, her best protection. It excited the admiration of every one in the court, and the effect was heightened by the charming simplicity and modesty of her whole demeanour in so critical a situation. Her account of the matter was received, though unsupported by any other evidence; and she was released, after having obtained the whole merit of such a beautiful sacrifice for the pure love of God.†

[*Editor's Note.* So end Bishop Bruté's Vendean

* I find the following circumstance related by Bishop Bruté in one of his letters to Bishop Kenrick: 'It may afford you pleasure to be made acquainted with the conduct of one of the most eminent magistrates of the Parliament of Paris, who suffered death rather than tell a lie. Mr. Augran d'Alleray, the gentleman to whom I allude, and who was equally distinguished by his piety and eminent talents, had been accused and arrested on the charge of sending money to his son, who had emigrated, contrary to the law. To acknowledge that he had done so was certain death. The famous or rather infamous Fouquier-Thinville, the public prosecutor, notwithstanding his ferocity, wished to save Mr. d'Alleray's life, and tried to get him to deny it. But this excellent man could not bring himself to tell a lie, even to save his life. "Wast thou ignorant, citizen," said the ferocious judge, "of the law which forbade you to do it?" "No," answered he, "I was not; but I knew of a law still more sacred—that of nature, which commands a father to succour his children." This noble and touching answer was the cause of his death; he was guillotined in 1794, aged seventy-nine years.'

† I find appended to the above relation the following memoranda, made by some one who has looked over these papers, but whose hand-

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reminiscences. We will now return to his personal history, in which his love for his mother is more than ever apparent.]

In carrying my thoughts back to those sad days of which I am writing, I feel that I never have thanked God as I ought to have done for those particular graces, by which He preserved me

writing I am unacquainted with, probably a French priest of the diocese of Vincennes:

'The author of this sketch of Mademoiselle de Cicé's trial ought not to have omitted to mention that this trial related to an attempt to assassinate Bonaparte, called the Plot of the Infernal Machine (24th December 1800). Mademoiselle de Cicé was accused of having procured a lodging for a man concerned in the plot, though she knew nothing of him, but had done so at the recommendation of a most respected clergyman. Summoned to declare the name of the priest who had recommended the man to her charity, she said that in telling his name she would infallibly deliver him up to the same prosecutions and dangers to which she and the two ladies (Mesdames de Goyon, mother and daughter) were exposed, whom she had brought into that distress, but who knew nothing more than herself of the man; and that the gentleman who had recommended him to her charity was as innocent as themselves; wherefore she would not cause any more misfortune. Neither threats, danger, nor supplications were ever able to draw anything else from her; and she was acquitted from complicity, not only by the universal admiration created in the court by the generosity of her silence and her meek deportment, but by the depositions of some two hundred poor, sick, and unfortunate persons from all quarters of Paris, without distinction of opinions, who declared that they were indebted to her charity or assistance for their relief in their respective circumstances.

'She was at that time the Mother Superior of the pious Association of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, formed since the beginning of the Revolution, with the view of taking the place of the religious orders (which were destroyed) and offering to pious women the means of professing religious perfection without being subject to the control of the civil authority, just as the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus opened to religious men the same opportunity.

'Mademoiselle de Cicé died in 1818 or 1819. The celebrated Mgr. Champion de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, after the Concordat of Aix, was her brother. Another of her brothers was Bishop of Auxerre.

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in the midst of such great madness and impiety. Those who were at the head of the irreligious frenzy which then devastated France pressed forward with all the confidence of success. Everything which cruelty and malice could devise was put into operation to attain the end they had in view, viz. to destroy the Catholic religion, not only in France, but throughout the world. So far, as I am witness, did their detestable hopes of the complete final triumph over the Christian Faith extend!

And yet, at that very moment, how strong and imperishable was its hold upon thousands of hearts! How fervently did every true Christian family pledge its love and life to our Blessed Lord! How constantly did Christian mothers require of their children that, no matter what happened, they would never forget their duty to God! With how much anxiety, and yet fidelity, did they endeavour, especially on Sundays, to supply the want of the public exercises of religion, and sanctify the day in their family! How many touching remembrances come crowding into my mind, connected with those acts of fidelity to God in the midst of the dark days which brooded over us! Death, prison, exile, were the penalties. The decrees in which they were set forth were posted at every corner, and every day witnessed how severely and unmercifully they were enforced. Every city and town, and almost every village, had its 'Committee of Public Safety,' as it was called, armed with the most arbitrary authority, in the name of *liberty*, and exercising it with a vigilance and energy which rendered it at length almost im-

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possible for any number of Catholics to meet together for Mass or any other office of religion. The priests, as was to be expected, were the particular objects of their hatred, and the greatest caution and most secret hiding-places could not save them from the grasp of a host of informers and blood-thirsty monsters, who almost every day had an execution to gratify their malice and encourage their pursuit. Even in those families who had a priest concealed in their house, it was often thought best not to hazard any celebration of the Holy Sacrifice within doors; so great was the danger, and so overpowering the terror, that in many families all the members were not made acquainted with the presence of the good man, whom some of the more resolute members ventured to keep concealed in the face of death —death for the priest, and death for those who thus harboured the victims and endeavoured to keep alive the last hopes of religion; the last hopes, indeed, they seemed, so few were they in number, and every day diminishing. There were no bishops, no seminaries, no means of supplying the gaps made. And then the malignity and power of those who were labouring to erect philosophy, as they called it, on the ruins of fanaticism, filling the eyes of our poor youth with their gigantic efforts and boundless impudence! Every avenue of good was choked up or destroyed, and every evil influence permitted to have full sway; their very songs, all the day long, in the shops and streets, were filled with insult and derision of the clergy and the ancient faith of the French nation, and often ex-

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pressed their triumph at what they believed to be its utter destruction. Those days are now happily gone; but O, how dreadful they were whilst they lasted!*

On Sunday, my mother always summoned us before breakfast, usually to the parlour, and there kneeling before a large ivory crucifix on black velvet which she brought from her small oratory, she would begin the prayers of the Mass with such a sad, affecting voice, reading them out of her large favourite Prayer-book; they were truly beautiful prayers. One is often in my mind — at the Preface: 'Voici l'heureux moment où le Roi des anges et des hommes va paraître. Que mon cœur, dégagé de la terre, ne pense qu'à vous, O mon Dieu! Qu'il soit rempli de votre amour,' &c. The King of men and angels was indeed present invisibly, but not, alas, in the divine Sacrament of love. No, alas! no priest, no altar was there. Young as I was, I remember how sad, how desolate everything seemed without that living Presence. But how strongly did even this desolation seem to bind my heart to our holy religion! And how holy and reverend did my good mother become to me, as, with her sad, grave voice, she fervently read the beautiful prayers and made the acts of faith, hope, and charity, at a time when all those virtues acquired additional merit by the test to which they were put!

'Come, it is seven o'clock,' she used to exclaim; and we all followed our mother to the drawing-room,

* God grant that such days may not be on the eve of returning! EDITOR.

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or to another room which was more retired. 'Has Julian come?' she would ask. Julian was the gardener, and came on Sundays from our house in the suburbs. Julian and his wife would make their appearance, and the servants from the other parts of the house. Then we would all kneel, and sometimes my mother would say a few words, before beginning, as to directing our intention, &c.; at other times she would say nothing; then a pause, save here and there a sigh—some with faces hid in their hands; and then she would commence: 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost' —all of us making the sign of the Cross together—after which she would go on with the service. All stood at the Gospel; we stopped in silence at the time marked for the Consecration.

My mother's voice is still sounding in my ears; her very accents are as present to me at this moment as if I were still listening to them, as with a tranquil and grave manner, and with a tone of unaffected but overawed piety, she went through the service. I remember that sometimes she would give a deep sigh—it could not have been otherwise from a heart weighed down by so many present horrors, with such sad anticipations for the future—and with the past, so dear to her, adding to the anguish of her nobly religious, motherly, and patriotic soul. At that age, although very strongly impressed, I could not, of course, feel all that my good mother felt. Oftentimes whilst kneeling there, we could hear the sound of the drums from afar—and sometimes under our very windows—as the troops came to prepare for

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a review in the square before our house; and not unfrequently we were disturbed by the noise and tumult attending upon the capture of a priest or other person obnoxious to the authorities, whom they were bringing to be tried and executed. One object of horror was always there — the guillotine, which stood *en permanence*, as they called it, on the square near the tribunal, and upon which every day some fresh victim of the revolution was sacrificed — not unfrequently persons well known to us or related to us. Among such scenes and under the influence of such events and associations we performed our religious duties as well as we could.

After the prayers of the Mass, my mother would either read an Instruction for us or make me read one. I think I was generally the reader. Mostly these readings were from a work by Monseigneur Fitz-James, Bishop of Soissons, entitled *Instructions for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year.*

Sometimes I spent the Sunday at my sister's, of whom I have already spoken, at La Chapelle Bouéxie. It was a vast château, one of the most considerable in the province, with a large estate, of which her husband was the 'intendant.' The property belonged to the Marquis de Poineaux. He was not an emigrant, but lived half in concealment, either at Paris or in some other part of France, where the family had possessions. My sister assembled all the people in the great hall, and was, like my mother at Rennes, the family priest, and no less strictly devout and careful; though I remember that her voice of call and command, to gather

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us all together before beginning, was not so positive nor so much of the pontifical kind as my mother's. Her husband, although a very religious man, was never present, nor officiated. Though a man, and of a strong mind, he had so much sensitiveness, that scenes and associations always overcame him, and he could not trust himself. I remember in particular, that one Sunday after the service was finished, as I went upstairs, I met him coming from another apartment. 'Gabriel,' he said to me, 'do not be surprised at my absence; I cannot attend; my tears get the better of me.' And then he began to repeat some verses from the psalms which he had been reading; and went on to express his horror of the present impiety, his attachment to the Catholic faith, and his determination to do everything in his power to bring up his family in the truth.

Such were the Sundays of those times.

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Among the fruits of that old Catholic faith, which our philosophers hoped to destroy, I might mention the good Sisters of the Incurables. I know not what brings them into my mind at this moment, except the thought that the Catholic Church alone has ever produced such persons. All other devotion, heroism, and self-sacrifice fades before theirs.

Our Hospital of the Incurables at Rennes was a miserable place. The site had been badly chosen, in a low damp situation. The building itself was large and sufficiently commodious. You entered a large

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oblong yard in front of the building, after the French manner; at the gate was the *tronc des pauvres malades:* the gate-keeper was a fair sample of the inmates, a poor battered old hulk, who had been nearly knocked to pieces in the voyage of life, and was now moored here for the rest of his term. As you crossed the yard you met many poor creatures wandering about, all bearing evidences in their faces or limbs of the diseases which had brought them to this their last earthly home—for the certificate of admission required a positive declaration of real incurability. In the two large halls for the patients there were about one hundred beds, I think, each with its screen and green curtains. In the middle, facing the front, large folding doors opened into the chapel, which extended back into the garden. When these doors were opened, the altar could be seen from a great number of the beds on both sides; and there, on that altar, was the only sight to console such hopeless misery. One poor girl, about twenty years of age, I still remember, who was afflicted with the most extensive and horrible ulcer, monstrously swelled, the pains excruciating, so that no patience or resignation could prevent her crying and sobbing even at the anticipation of having it dressed; how much more so whilst it was being dressed!—as it had to be every day, with the greatest care. The case was a peculiar one; and the physicians had devoted every attention to her, and exerted all their skill for many months at the other hospital, but in vain; and now she had been transferred to the Incurables as a hopeless case. Her

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bed, I remember, was happily opposite the opening of those sacred doors, so that from it she beheld the Throne of mercy and of consolation. And O, how much did those poor sufferers, nailed for the remainder of their lives to such heavy crosses, need such comfort! And then often also the divine Victim came from the altar to visit them in their beds of pain, and to unite Himself more intimately with them, and give them grace and strength to carry those crosses after Him. O, how abundant are the alleviations provided for the poor and suffering in God's holy Church! And then those sisters, those living angels, who waited on them and rendered to them every office of love and kindness, with a mother's tenderness! As I recall them now, moving about so placidly, with such cheerful patience, my heart is moved, even at such a distance of time and place, to feelings of the most ardent respect and affection. With what pleasure did I visit you, blessed souls, when I returned to France in 1815! — you, my dear sister Desprez, and you, good mother of your humble sisters, Madame Meneast, God bless you, and prosper you, and award you eternal crowns! The Sisters of the Incurables in our city of Rennes, as in many other similar establishments in various parts of France, belonged to no particular religious order or congregation. They were formed merely by a simple union of four or five or more pious souls devoting themselves to this particular charity. It seems they are never at a loss for members to continue this holy work as they may be needed. I do not know how long they have existed at Rennes

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in this manner, nor who is their Superior, nor what vows they take; but I know that they have always been there in my day, at their painful but holy task, except for a short time, when the friends of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' dispensed with their services. Their dress is a plain gray, with a coarse apron of white linen; and their coiffe or head-dress, called *catiole*, is the same as that of the common people.

Sister Desprez, of whom I have spoken above, belonged to a very respectable family in Rennes. She had inherited considerable property from an aunt, and was in the enjoyment of every comfort of this life; but our Lord called her with His gentle voice of special love to give up all and follow Him to His abode at the sad Hospital of Incurables, the most trying and disagreeable of all our hospitals, situated, moreover, as I have said, in a low marshy place—they were always going to move it to a better situation, but somehow or other they never did. But when good Mademoiselle Desprez heard the *Voice*, this did not keep her back. She did not say, '*If* they will remove the establishment to a more healthy place;' or, '*If* I were stronger and had a better constitution' (she was physically a poor weak little body); or, 'If, my Lord, You will be pleased to call me to some one of Your other houses.' These thoughts, and many others very prudent and wise, —such, no doubt, as the young man in the Gospel had, who refused to sell all to follow our Blessed Lord,—may have come into her mind, but she did

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not listen to them. She gave up all and followed Him, and shut herself up for the rest of her life with the incurables; and I remember that those who knew her intimately remarked what great graces God had bestowed on her as the immediate reward of her self-sacrifice and devotion. She had always been good and kind, but God now seemed to have lavished upon her all those blessed treasures of tenderness and cheerfulness which she would need for her poor incurables. It beamed from her eyes and in her smile, and rendered her from the first moment a true *religieuse* and a perfect nurse. I do not exaggerate at all, for I witnessed it myself. Her plain and naturally unattractive face became radiant with heavenly serenity and comeliness; her voice appeared as that of an angel for kindness; and her manner was so cheering and at the same time so tranquillising, that the sick yearned to her instinctively. In fact, it was noticed that there was something peculiar, and more than is usual even in religious women, in the admirable and not easily described dispositions of the Sisters of the Incurables. I often visited them with my mother. 'Voyez, mon fils,' she would say to me, 'quelle sérénité, quel air de contentement; où voyez-vous le pareil dans le monde? c'est étonnant.' And yet in reality not astonishing, when one reflects on the promise of our Lord to give a hundredfold of consolation and peace to those who leave everything for His sake; but truly astonishing to those who are not in the line of those graces, and dwell only on the various disgusting and incurable diseases which it is the daily and nightly task of

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these sisters to alleviate, *not to cure*, and to breathe that sickening atmosphere which no care or cleanliness can entirely dispel.

These recollections of good Sister Desprez call to my mind Sister Magdalen, of the Sisters of Charity, who for forty years had served the prisoners confined in the narrow and miserable prison of St. Michael's Gate at Rennes. She went there in the morning and remained until noon, and from one hour after dinner until night; shut up with her 'dear prisoners,' as she used to call them, generally about 150 in number. She was very old and not very handsome when I knew her; but if 'handsome is who handsome does,' then Sister Magdalen was beautiful. She was beautiful, at any rate, in the sight of the angels. The kind words and kind works of forty years, bestowed often upon the ungrateful and repining, had given to her aged and wrinkled face an air of benignity and patience which no one could have passed by unnoticed. But the Revolution reached even Sister Magdalen in the prison. Her dear prisoners were let loose to become *citizens*, to enjoy the reign of equality and liberty, and the priests and persons like Sister Magdalen herself were put in their place in St. Michael's Gate. It would have been no hardship, however, to Sister Magdalen to be shut up in prison; so they turned her out on the world, with which she had had nothing to do for half a century. I remember well when Sister Bonne, the Superior of the sisters, or 'sister servant,' as they call it, brought Sister Magdalen to my mother's house the day they were

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turned out of their old home by the revolutionists. She came and stood before my mother in the parlour, looking at her and sighing a little, but saying nothing. She had not been accustomed to talk, except to her prisoners. In the evening she told my mother that it was the first day for forty years, except during the Retreats, that she had missed visiting the prison, and that she had never passed a day which seemed so long and tired her so much as that, her first day of idleness. Poor Sister Magdalen stayed with us a long while; and we should often have been tempted to laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge of the world, had it not been for the great respect which my mother showed towards her.

We lived then in the parliament-house of Brittany, a large and, on the whole, noble pile of buildings. It so happened that the chapel of the palace was situated immediately over our apartments. Forty or fifty granite steps led up to an immense gallery fronting the public square. This gallery or hall was used for public meetings. At the end, over our apartments, as I have said, was the chapel. Generally it was deserted, for Mass was only celebrated in it once a year, at the opening of the courts of law after the vacations, when a Mass of the Holy Ghost was said, to invoke a blessing on their labours; sometimes, though very seldom, it was used for other purposes. One of my earliest and faintest recollections was assisting at Mass there when my elder sister was married to Mr. Mazois. I was then only four or five years old. So near a church

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—as it were, under the altar and amidst the pillars which supported it—did I enter upon life; and nearer still, afterwards, did persecution bring the precious altar of our Lord. Under that chapel, and in the room immediately beneath its sanctuary, did we erect our secret altar during the dark days of the Revolution, where two venerable priests—venerable by their age, and still more by their pure, blameless, and fervent lives—officiated. They were concealed in our apartments with all that awful and anxious privacy which their own safety and our own prescribed. One of them—Father de Rosaire, a Dominican, the confessor of my mother for many years, about seventy-eight years of age, with a head of snow-white hair—had the calmest features I ever looked upon, and the simplicity of a child in all his ways; the other was Father Pacific, somewhat younger, say seventy-five, a Capuchin, once much revered in the order, and holding a position of authority and confidence—a man of greater talent than Father de Rosaire, and of equal virtue. In that room they both slept and lived, and there also they offered up the Holy Sacrifice. Each morning, when they had finished their early private devotions and preparatory exercises, my mother, having seen that all was ready, called the family together and led them to that sacred room, one or two only being left to keep watch and give notice in case of alarm. For two years, or nearly two years, Mass was thus celebrated in that room, beneath the chapel of the parliament-house, then utterly profaned and made a den of thieves, being a part of the office of the

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Revolutionary Committee. At one time, indeed, it was turned, if possible, to a still worse purpose; for one of the three tribunals which supplied the guillotine with victims took possession of it, and for a while profaned the sacred name of Justice within those walls where the divine Sacrifice had been so often celebrated. All the ornaments which marked its sacred use were profaned and broken, so that scarcely a trace was left of its original purpose. Afterwards, in better times, they were replaced, and the chapel again used as before the Revolution. The room beneath, so sacred in our eyes on account of the Mysteries there celebrated, and as being the hiding-place of those two holy confessors, was afterwards my room. I slept in it in 1815, when I again visited my mother for a few days; and, as I write, the memories which then thronged upon my mind return again of those good fathers in particular, who blessed my youth and my family in those dark days.

My mother had an old friend named Mr. Bouvet, who was a merchant, retired from business and leading a pious life, half separated from the world, but still enjoying every day at his house the company of one or two friends who had been long accustomed to visit him without disturbing his usual habits and exercises of piety. Among his practices was that of a few moments' retreat and spiritual meditation or reading alone some time after dinner. He withdrew for a while, and then returned, kind, serene, polite, amiable to all. Used to that momentary absence, no one

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minded it; the regularity of its duration, as determined in his little rule, secured his punctual reappearance. One day, however, he remained away much longer than usual; they grew uneasy at his non-appearance; waited a little while longer; then yielding to some fear that he might be indisposed, they went upstairs to his apartment and into his oratory. Their rap was not answered, nor a second, nor when they called him aloud by his name—Mr. Bouvet! . . . They entered; the good man was sitting in his arm-chair, his head gently dropped on his breast, his two hands resting on his knees, and upon the page of an open quarto book—the book of the City of God of St. Augustine, which was opened at the very chapter 'On the happiness of heaven.' He read—and died; and then went to see and enjoy.

Thus did Mr. Boursoul die in the pulpit of the parish of All Saints in Rennes, preaching on the happiness of heaven, and repeating from time to time through his sermon the text, 'We shall see Him as He is.' At a last and most earnest repetition of these blessed words, he dropped his hand on the pulpit, and his head on his breast. A long pause—they thought it merely a pause: it continued too long; they hastened to the pulpit—the spirit had fled. 'He spoke of heaven,' said a boy in the congregation; 'and see, he has gone thither!'

After the reign of terror of 1793, most of the priests who had prevaricated and taken the guilty oaths, made their retractation and did public pen-

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ance, many with marks of lively sorrow for the scandal they had given. One of them at Grenoble did it with such a degree of compunction, that, after speaking for a while with increasing fervour, his grief overcame him, and he 'actually died in the pulpit in that act of exemplary penance.'

[So end Bishop Brute's notes.]

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CHAPTER IV.

HIS LIFE AS A STUDENT OF MEDICINE. HE BECOMES A PRIEST, AND THEN A MISSIONARY, AND IS SENT TO AMERICA.

[*Editor's Note.* The terrible days of the Revolution passed away; a certain amount of peace and security for the professors of religion dawned upon France; and young Bruté found himself called upon to decide on a profession. It may seem strange, after what we have read, that he did not at once choose the Church; but God's hour was not yet come. We will now resume the narrative in Dr. Bayley's own words.]

On the 10th of February 1796 he began the study of medicine with Mr. Duval, an eminent surgeon at Rennes. His copious memoranda of subjects studied, and operations assisted at and performed, show with what earnestness he pursued them, and how soon he became skilful himself. He makes no allusion to the motives which caused him to choose this profession; but we cannot doubt, from his whole character, that it was not so much from any peculiar attraction, as because it would afford him an opportunity of being useful to his fellow-creatures. Thoroughly imbued as his heart and soul were with attachment to his religion, there is no evidence that at this time it had entered into his mind to devote

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himself to the ecclesiastical state; or if he did, the continual persecution directed against anything connected with religion, rendered any such aspirations apparently hopeless. His earnest application to his medical studies did not, however, in any manner impair his devotion to his faith, or his interest in everything and every person connected with it. Amongst his papers are notes and letters written to him by priests in confinement at Rennes and elsewhere, thanking him for his words and acts of sympathy and kindness.*

After having pursued his studies for two years under Mr. Duval, he went to Paris in 1799, to continue them in the medical school in that city. There he of course enjoyed every advantage in the way of instruction. He attended the lectures of Pinel, Esquirol, Fourcroy, Bichât, and other eminent professors; and, according to his custom, made notes

* An incident occurred whilst he was a student of medicine which illustrates his fidelity to his friends and his earnest fearlessness of character. One of his fellow-students named Collin had been called upon to attend a person who had been wounded by the explosion of the infernal machine (24th December 1800) which had been intended to kill Bonaparte, and neglected to give information to the police. For this he was arrested, tried, and sent to prison. Mr. Bruté had in vain made every exertion to obtain his liberation; and finally, when a student at St. Sulpice, and one of the clerks appointed to serve Mass at the Tuileries, he took the bold expedient of presenting a petition in favour of his friend to the Emperor in person. He seized the moment when Bonaparte was leaving the chapel, and ran forward to put the petition in his hand. Bonaparte, absorbed in thought, moved too quickly for him, and did not see him, it may be said luckily, for he ran the risk of being shot dead as an intended assassin. He afterwards succeeded in having his friend's sentence commuted into exile to the Mauritius. The petition to 'Bonaparte, Premier Consul,' in favour of his friend, written in a clear round hand, and signed by himself and Frain, a fellow-student from Brittany, is among the Bishop's papers.

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of all that he heard which was likely to be useful. Many of these distinguished men were avowed advocates of the prevailing infidelity, and took advantage of every occasion to sneer at religion, and inculcate their false principles. His early religious training, which had preserved his faith and morals during all the horrors and privations of the Revolution, stood him in good stead at this time, and rendered him proof against the sophistries and ridicule to which he was now exposed. Not satisfied, however, with practising and openly professing his religion, he combined with several of his fellow-students (particularly those from his own province) boldly to oppose the false principles to which they were obliged to listen. They chose such subjects for their thesis before the class as enabled them to avow their belief in Revelation, and to defend its truth. One of the beneficial effects which followed from this course was, that the attention of the government was called to the subject. Bonaparte, then First Consul, was labouring to restore Christianity in France, as the necessary means of reorganising society; and the infidel professors were made to confine their teaching to its proper limits.

He graduated at the medical school in 1803 with the highest honours. There were at that time eleven hundred students attending the course. Out of these, one hundred and twenty were chosen by 'concursus' as the best; and amongst this number Mr. Bruté received the first prize after a severe examination. He was immediately appointed physician to the first dispensary in Paris; but having already

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determined to study for the Church, he refused it, and soon afterwards entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was not led to abandon a profession to which he had devoted so many years of assiduous study, and which opened to him its most brilliant prospects, as Dr. McCaffrey remarks, 'from any feelings of disgust; for he always honoured it as one of the noblest professions to which a highly-gifted and philanthropic man can devote himself. Delightful as his conversation was to all, and to men of science in particular, it was peculiarly so to the student, and to the practitioner and professor of medicine.* They often expressed their astonishment that, after a lapse of twenty or thirty years, engrossed by pursuits of a very different kind, he yet retained so perfect and minute a knowledge of all that he had studied in his youth, under the great masters of the French capital.' He turned from it only because he had higher and more important objects in view. His eleven thousand classmates in medicine told him that it was easy to find physicians for the body, but the Revolution had made it more difficult to find physicians for the souls of men. For ten years the houses of religious education and the seminaries had been shut up. The guillotine, the prisons, and the privations of exile, had spared but a comparatively small number of the former clergy, and of these, many were occupied in foreign missions. Dreadful

* He was never known, however, to practise it after he became a priest, except on one occasion many years after, at Mount St. Mary's, when, one of the pupils having broken his arm, and the physician not being at hand, he set it for him, 'most skilfully,' as the doctor said when he came.

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as had been the ravages of infidelity and impiety, and the almost entire privation of all spiritual succour, an immense number of the French people still remained faithful to their religion; and a new supply of Levites, to fill the places of those who had perished, was called for on every side. One of the first matters to which the new bishops turned their attention was the reëstablishment of diocesan seminaries, in order to provide for these pressing wants.

These were the circumstances, no doubt, which influenced Mr. Bruté to seek admission into the sanctuary. Such a determination could surprise no one who knew him. His whole life, even in the world, had already been a preparation for it. At any other time it would probably have been his first choice; and having chosen it now, he gave himself wholly to the work. He always read pen in hand, and his manuscripts again mark the exactness and extent of his new studies. Theology was a science for which his mind was admirably fitted. In notebooks made at this time each subject is developed and illustrated, as if his place had been that of a teacher instead of a scholar.

The works of the Fathers of the Church, with the acts and canons of her Councils, as marking her tradition, were carefully studied by him. From this time until the end of his life everything that he read was with this view. His voluminous memoranda show how carefully he recorded everything which might serve to defend and illustrate the truth, or to expose and confute error. He made the principles of the various sects his careful study after he

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came to America, and could have written a philosophical history of them, if he had seen fit. No one ever made a more faithful and exact use of every moment of his time. He was never idle; and as a consequence of this industry, his tenacious memory enabled him to bring forth from the treasure-house of his mind things new and old. To assist him in pursuing these studies, he began at this time to collect a library, which became afterwards a large and valuable one; and this may be said to have been the only property he ever owned. Bibliography was also one of his favourite studies; for he understood not only how important a part of knowledge it was to know where learning was to be found, but fully appreciated the value of old editions to an accurate student. Although he never wasted a moment over useless books, yet in one sense nothing came amiss to him.* He may be said to have been, in the good sense of the word, a *heluo librorum*.

It is not necessary to say, that to one in such dispositions, and so well prepared to make a good use of every opportunity, the four years he spent in the Seminary of St. Sulpice were what the Scripture calls 'full years.' He advanced alike in solid piety and sound learning. Having completed the usual course, he was, after having passed through the intermediate steps, ordained priest in the parish church of St. Sulpice by Monseigneur André, the

* 'They say that it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but in skilful hands serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge.' *Herbert.*

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retired Bishop of Quimper, on the Saturday before Trinity Sunday 1808.

The Bishop of Nantes was very anxious to obtain his services for his diocese; but the Bishop of Rennes, who knew his value not only as an instructor, but as a model for other young priests, appointed him Professor of Theology in the diocesan seminary. His spirit of zeal and devotedness seems even at this period to have turned his mind towards the foreign missions. It is evident, from the notes of his Retreat,* that he had already arrived at a great spirit of detachment from home and family (and no one ever loved them more dearly), and was prepared to make all the necessary sacrifices the moment that he felt it to be the will of God that he should leave France. Those who knew him in after times will not be surprised to learn, that in the list of sacrifices to be made if he went on the foreign missions, that of not being able to carry his library with him occupies a prominent place. At this time (1807) he appears to have determined to go; and I cannot ascertain from his memoranda what induced him to delay his departure.

* M. l'Abbé Duclaux, of whom he often speaks with the greatest veneration, 'mon saint et tout bon père,' was his director. In September 1806 he made a Retreat at the Carmelites to ascertain his vocation in this matter; again, in 1807, his views were towards India. According to his usual custom, the pros and cons are all written down. I find many notes amongst his papers with regard to the different foreign missions, the way of getting to them, &c. He made a plan of going on foot to India, founded upon some Government proposal for sending troops to Syria. It seems to have afforded him much pleasure to think that his medical studies would prove useful to him on the Eastern missions. In his Retreat of 1807 he appears to have determined to go, so far as rested with himself, under the particular protection, as he adds, 'of the Blessed Virgin, in her Immaculate Conception.'

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It was probably the authority of the Bishop of Rennes. He had already refused his services to the Bishop of Nantes, and no doubt felt that they were needed at his new seminary. In consequence, after his ordination he proceeded to his native city, and entered upon his duties as a professor of theology. The bishop at the same time offered him a canonry in his cathedral, which dignity he, however, refused. Although he no doubt discharged with zeal and fidelity his new and important duties, and made use of the opportunity to continue the studies of which he was so fond, yet it is probable he never abandoned his resolution of devoting himself to the missionary life. If he did, a circumstance which happened the following year renewed it. The Rev. Mr. Flaget, of the Society of St. Sulpice, who had already been for several years (1792-1808) on the United States mission, was nominated in 1808 to the new see of Bardstown in Kentucky. Anxious to escape the proffered dignity, he went to France in the autumn of 1809, in the hope of being allowed to decline it; but on presenting himself to Mr. Emery, the Superior of St. Sulpice, he found that the Sovereign Pontiff had given an express order that he should accept the office to which he had been called. In consequence, after having remained in France a few months to obtain fellow-labourers for his extensive but uncultivated diocese, he returned to the United States in 1810, and was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll on the 4th of November of that year. It was no doubt his presence in France that renewed in Mr. Bruté's mind

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the intention of devoting himself to the foreign missions, and turned his mind towards the United States. Having obtained his bishop's consent, he sailed from Bordeaux,* in company with the bishop elect of Bardstown, in 1810, and arrived in Baltimore on the 10th of August of that year. For nearly two years after his arrival he was retained as Professor of Philosophy in the Seminary at Baltimore.† In 1812 he was sent for a few months to the mission at St. Joseph's,‡ on the eastern shore

* I find on a slip of paper amongst his manuscripts a note of the name of the vessel and a list of his fellow-passengers. She was a brig or barque named the George Dyer, Captain Peter Collard. There were several French and American gentlemen, amongst the Americans a Dr. Johnson, bearer of despatches from General Armstrong, at that time our minister at Paris; 'a poet; an Ursuline nun; five Trappists; the Père Mauvais and four brothers; one Jesuit, Father Cary; Mr. Flaget; a relative of his, Mr. Gras; Romant, Derigand, Deidieu, Chabrat, Bruté.'

Father Bruté always retained the greatest love and veneration for the venerable Bishop Flaget. He often wrote long letters to him, informing him of the news from France, and of their old companions and friends in their always beloved country—De Lamennais, Fayette, good Father Garnier, Boyer, &c. His letters to Bishop Flaget also contain many interesting particulars with regard to the history of the Church in this country.

† In 1812, at the time of the attack upon Baltimore, Father Bruté had charge of the Mountain Church, and many of his flock went to assist in the defence of the city. He made an address to them on leaving, and became himself so anxious, that he walked to Baltimore to join them, and render them such assistance as they might require whilst in the trenches.

‡ Among his letters to Bishop Flaget I find the following note, which was probably one of his first attempts to write in English: 'Day of St. Francis of Chantal, Baltimore, being there these two days, je suis exilé sur l'eastern shore of Maryland, where I serve with Mr. Monaly at St. Joseph's, Talbot Co. I went there the first days of vacation. I am trying to learn practically my English. I have said Mass and preached, bad preaching as it may be, in six different places. This must force this dreadful English into my backward head, or I must renounce for ever to know it. I have seen Mr. Marechal only a moment; he is gone with the Archbishop (Carroll) to Carroll Manor. He will come back

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of Maryland, where he received a letter directing him to go to Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmittsburg,* 'to aid Mr. Dubois,' as he expresses it.

In 1806 the Sulpicians had established a preparatory seminary at Pigeon-hill,† near Abbotstown,

on Monday, but on Monday I will be making English blunders on my eastern shore.' In another letter he gives a laughable account of his attempts in English, and of Father Vincent's (the Trappists' Superior) *bold essays* in preaching; one of his manuscript discourses, however, unhappily got disarranged, and he found himself deep in the peroration, instead of the exordium, before he discovered his mistake!

* Emmittsburg would form an admirable subject for a local history connected with the origin and progress of the Catholic religion in Maryland. The old log chapel at the Elder station was put up before the Revolution. The village dates back to 1788. The church in the village was built in 1793-4; the Mountain Church, 1805-6. The Elder House stood for many years surrounded by the primeval forests; it was the place of worship for many years of the Catholics in that part of the country—the Elders, Browers, Livres, and others of English descent. It was the influx of Irish Catholics which caused the church in the village to be built. When Mass was first said at the Elder station, the priest came from the lower part of St. Mary's Co. The first priest at the village was the Rev. Matthew Ryan. The Rev. Mr. Dubois assembled the people upon the site of the Mountain Church on November 19, 1805. With his usual energy he marked out the spot, and the first tree was felled by him on that day.

In 1818 the Sulpicians thought of suppressing Mount St. Mary's, and selling the property. The citizens of Emmittsburg made very generous offers to the Rev. Mr. Dubois, in order to obviate any such necessity. The Rev. Mr. Bruté, in one of his notes, says: '15th June 1818, Mr. Radford came to see Mr. Dubois, and told him if he was embarrassed in money matters, the inhabitants of Emmittsburg would supply them. Mr. McNeal, Grover, and Boyle offered 1500 dols. 28th. In the evening Mr. McNeal came to say that they would let him have 7 or 8000 dols. without interest, as long as he wanted it; that if it was intended to sell the property, they would purchase it and give it back to Mr. Dubois. 1st July. A letter came by Liven from the archbishop, which leaves everything *in statu quo*.' The property was transferred at the time, I believe, to Rev. Mr. Dubois.

† Pigeon-hill was a farm or country seat which belonged to a pious layman, Mr. Harent of Lyons. The Trappists occupied it for a short time. In 1806 he permitted the Sulpicians of Baltimore to commence a little seminary there. It was opened in 1806.

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which was transferred in 1809 to Emmittsburg in Maryland; the Rev. Mr. Dubois, who had charge of the mission in that vicinity, having already commenced a school there, which afterwards became so well known as Mount St. Mary's College. It was at first intended to be merely a preparatory seminary for ecclesiastical students; but the great advantages it offered for education induced many parents to seek admission for their sons, even when not intended for the ecclesiastical state. The Rev. Mr. Dubois was president of the college, pastor of Emmittsburg, and Superior of the new institution of Sisters of Charity, which had been lately founded at St. Joseph's under the charge of Mother Seton. These varied duties made it necessary that he should have the help of another priest. The Rev. Mr. Duhamel had relieved him of the charge of the congregation at Emmittsburg since 1810; but the flourishing condition of the college required additional help, and in consequence the Rev. Mr. Bruté was sent to the Mountain for that purpose. This favoured spot became from this time, until he was transferred to the bishopric of Vincennes (with the exception of the years 1815-18), the scene of his most zealous labours—where all the influence of his amiable character, his extensive and profound learning, and his eminently Christian and priestly virtues, was exerted with the most beneficial effects. He could never have hoped to have done as much good among the inhabitants of India and China, by the exertion of the highest apostolic zeal, as he was permitted to do in this country. It is no disparage-

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ment of those holy and eminent men who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Church in America —of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Dubois, and a Flaget —to say that no one ever exerted a more beneficial influence on behalf of the Catholic religion than Bishop Bruté. If Mount St. Mary's, in addition to all the other benefits it has bestowed upon Catholicity in America, has been in a remarkable degree the nursery of an intelligent, active, zealous priesthood, exactly such as was needed to supply the peculiar wants of the Church in America, every one at all acquainted with the history of that institution will allow that its real ecclesiastical spirit was stamped upon it by Bishop Bruté. His humility, piety, and learning made him a model of a Christian priest; and the impression his virtues made upon both ecclesiastical and lay students surpassed all oral instruction. The Catholic religion alone can produce such men; and hence their example confirms the faith and elevates the character of all who come in contact with them. The name of Bishop Bruté has been, and ever will be, associated with that of Bishop Dubois, as common benefactors to the infant Church in America.

The Sisters of Charity in America also owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Mother Seton found in him an enlightened director and friend; and his advice and influence were most beneficial to her young community at St. Joseph's. They were both chosen souls, upon whom God had bestowed His most precious graces; and, like St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, they strengthened one another by their

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conferences on spiritual matters. If she revered him emphatically as a man of God, he regarded her as one who, to use his own language, 'if placed in circumstances similar to those of St. Theresa or St. Frances de Chantal, would have been equally remarkable in the scale of sanctity; for it seems to me,' he adds, 'that there could not be a greater elevation, purity, and love for God, heaven, and supernatural things than were to be found in her.'

[As we have mentioned this remarkable woman, we will give an extract from her *Life* by the Right Rev. Robert Seton, which describes her first intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bruté.—*Editor's Note.*]

'Towards the end of September 1812 a French clergyman became permanently established at the Mountain. This was the Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, who had come to the United States in 1810 with the bishop elect of Bardstown. While at the college, Mr. Bruté taught Latin, French, and natural philosophy, and assisted Father Dubois in missionary work and in the spiritual direction of the Sisterhood in the valley.'

[Soon after his arrival, Mrs. Seton's beautiful and gifted daughter Annina died; and Mr. Bruté shared in her watch by that dying bed, and cheered and strengthened that holy, loving child through those last days of agony, in a way which endeared him for ever to the mother's heart. From that moment a deep and enduring friendship was cemented between those two souls, so united in the love of God and in zeal for the promotion of His kingdom in the hearts of men.

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[We propose now to give some extracts from Mr. Brute's letters to Mrs. Seton and her children; as in no other way can we make our readers so well acquainted with the beautiful simplicity and loving tenderness of him whose biography we have undertaken to write. The first in point of date are two notes written, as it were, out of the fulness of his heart, to one with whom he felt that entire sympathy which is granted to certain souls in life, to help them onwards and upwards in the heavenly race. It would seem to be in the order of God's providence that no man of eminent sanctity has failed to find a kindred woman's spirit to share in his labours of love; and thus by this union of souls the work of each is perfected, and the glory of God promoted, in a manner which was utterly unforeseen before. The key-note of the letters before us is, suffering for love's sake; in his own words, 'the Cross and the Altar.'—*Editor's Note.*]

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CHAPTER V.

HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE SETONS.

Father Bruté to Mrs. Seton.

✣ 6 o'clock in the evening.

I AM just come from Benediction. My Mother!!! I have thought of all,—thoughts beyond words. The 'Adoremus in Æternum,' the 'Gloria Patri:' 'Sicut erat,' I. *in principio;* II. *nunc;* III. *semper.*

O, what a thing life is, if only we made a proper use of it! Courage, my soul: 'Magnify the Lord' with Mary. O, simplicity, simplicity! Pure abandonment, purest intentions, fervour in little things, daily watchfulness, till the great cry of: 'Lo! the Spouse.' The Cross and the Altar—Communion and eternity.

✣ At ten read the Epistle. O, fulness of suffering and devotedness! How ashamed I felt in reading it! even in America, and so far away from all I love. Alas! ashamed. What do I? All around, what an empire of sin! But I, how comfortable and easy-minded I am, indeed, in the midst of these ruins of souls! A fine little spot! Yet all over the country does not heresy, Catholic ignorance, and sin reign abundantly? What is left? despair? No! a tender, calm abandoning of all things to His divine and holy will alone. Read that Epistle, O Mother! and be a mother to your holy foundation; but pray also for the poor useless priest.

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Read the Gospel word by word. Mysteries of mysteries! adore, bless, love—an abyss of delight, a world of instruction. Jesus in each word, seen and felt; but how to make Him manifest! Yet this must have been, and ought to be, the whole of my offering and consecration to Him and His Church. O, pray, pray ye all for me.

Mrs. Seton once lent Annina's note-book to the Rev. Mr. Bruté, and before returning it he wrote something in it himself; some little thoughts, so sweet, so full of true charity, so fragrant of the good odour of Jesus Christ, that they must have their place here. They are given in the original, in his unconnected French, mixed so quaintly with English, of which he knew not very much as yet. No translation could render the unction of his native language. Every sentiment is worthy of him who was called 'the good Bruté,' and is remembered at Emmittsburg as 'the Angel of the Mountain.'

Bruté's thoughts on the Eve of Corpus Christi, and on the solemnity itself.

Veille, Corpus Christi 1814.

Jour pluvieux. Mes larmes en torrent pour lès calamités de mon pays. Je revenais à travers les bois de tourmenter de nouveau un pécheur de vieille date que rien n'ébranle. J'étais triste. J'entends trotter légèrement derrière moi; puis—hem, hem, à demi voix. Je me retourne, c'était le pauvre petit nègre de Madame McCatel qui a l'air d'un arbrisseau à demi froissé dont rien ne chérit le développement;

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tout jeune et un air vieux—mais l'œil si bon, si simple. Il me regardait d'un terrain plus bas, son morceau de chapeau à la main, et tirant le pied derrière lui, mais avec un air! J'aurais ri sans que j'ai pensé au grand Abraham qui regardait, je pense, ainsi le Seigneur quand il vint prier pour Sodome. Il se souvenait de notre autre Dimanche soir ensemble, et la vache. 'Mon enfant, avez-vous fait votre prière ce matin?' 'Oui, monsieur.' 'De tout votre cœur?' 'Oui, monsieur.' 'Il faut faire comme cela tous les matins et tous les soirs.' 'Oui, monsieur.' Je continuais ma route. Il a couru plus légèrement qu'avant; et cette fois j'ai entendu sa petite voix: 'I go to church every Sunday.' 'C'est bien, c'est bien;' et je continuais marchant avec mes pensées. 'Every Sunday, sir, I go to church.' 'Oh, bien, mon enfant; il faut bien aimer le bon Dieu.' Et j'ai tiré une médaille et je la lui ai donné! et il a tiré le pied derrière avec un regard et une inclination! Je me suis retourné—à quatre pas delà il baisait sa médaille! Il a couru tout le chemin après moi. J'arrivais à la maison avec la pensée du commencement, mes yeux prêts à répandre leurs grosses larmes: c'était me, disais-je, comme Abraham avant le Seigneur! Pauvre petit, il lui est plus agréable que moi! J'aurais du m'arrêter d'avantage et lui faire un peu de catéchisme. Pauvre enfant! nus pieds, en 'rags,' et un morceau de chapeau—noir—ignorant; sans mère, sans père, sans ami, personne qui chérisse sa pauvre tige froissée, abandonnée; dormant sur le 'floor' dans une guenille, courant le matin et le soir après la vache—voilà tout. Mais

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il est baptisé, son Père céleste est infiniment bon, le ciel s'ouvrira pour lui! Se fermera—hélas! pour tant de riches, de savants, d'opulents maîtres de nègres. O le ciel! *Ce petit enfant.* Coulez mes larmes.

Dix June 1814. Anniversary of ordination sacerdotal, dix Juin 1808.

O my God! j'ai dit la Messe, mon divin Maître—à l'oraison—à la prière des enfans. Au bas du saint autel comme vous étiez avec moi! Ah, jour si mémorable pour mon éternité—et pour celle de tant d'autres. Vous étiez avec moi, mon Maître, au Gloria in excelsis—à ce touchant Lauda Sion, dont pas un mot ce me semble n'a pu s'échapper à mon cœur. Au *memento;* moment redoutable et délicieux—je désirais ardemment qu'on vous reconnut et honorât en mes faibles mains. Ah, que j'étais bien avec Vous à la Communion, et encore plus quand je Vous ai présenté ainsi dès 5½ du matin à cinq âmes vertueuses. O le frémissement de plaisir en les approchant [four names illegible—women], Mrs. Thompson et ses lunettes—je les revois à ce moment. Mon Maître! je vous ai pris avec moi sur ma poitrine. J'ai descendu la Montagne vers Aloysius Elder. Le souvenir vif de ma France m'a saisi, et de la première fois que je vous portais ainsi dans la campagne. Ah, nous chantions; et j'ai commencé à chanter tout seul: 'Adoro te supplex'—comme si cela vous eût plu. Vous avez fait couler en abondance les larmes si délicieuses, O mon Maître! Je l'ai chanté tout entier jusqu'à la maison de pauvre B—. Personne—quatre petites (illegible) J'ai résolu de le chan-

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ter aux Sœurs. Ah, si j'avais de la voix ! Je me suis souvenu que je chantais aux couvents—chagrin plutôt pour moi et ma pauvre mère qui y consentit peut-être par tendresse et nous vous déplûmes.

Arrivé, mon cœur s'est gonflé en vous déposant sur la petite table. Les pleurs ont coulé tout le temps que je confessais et exhortais. Puis un enfant sur le lit que je baptisais il y a un mois. On voulait l'enlever. Oh ! non—oh, non, c'est l'ange et la louange parfaite. J'ai parlé sur la pensée que vous avez si longtems eu votre divin Sacrifice et votre tabernacle dans cette maison même. Je me suis retiré, et ai commencé mon office entre les ondulations du blé que je traversais. Les pleurs en abondance, redoublés en levant les regards vers l'église suspendue au-dessus des arbres et Mr. Duhamel à ce moment à l'autel. Ah, me suis-je dit, je jouis donc du bonheur le plus pur—le plus exquis qui soit sur la terre ! Et alors seulement la pensée de l'anniversaire de mon sacerdoce m'est revenue, et m'a roulé vaguement et doucement pendant le retour.

O matinée belle et pure ! O mon Dieu, si bon, si bon—que vous rendrai-je ? Appelez-moi au ciel. J'ai résolu en simplicité (?) Cette pensée a encore charmé de plus en plus mon cœur enivré. Soit béni—etc.—etc.—etc. Mon Dieu, bénissez Votre terre ! L'âme spirituel de mon cœur.'

Mr. Bruté went to Europe in the spring of 1815, and Mrs. Seton intrusted her eldest son to his care, that he might join his father's old friends, the Filichi, at Leghorn. Writing at this time of her son

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William's departure with Mr. Bruté, she says: 'I feel as secure with him as good old Tobias felt.' A warm attachment sprung up between the two, which, on William's part, resulted in an affectionate veneration, only to be strengthened by the sorrows of succeeding years.

The following letters are from Mr. Bruté to another of Mrs. Seton's children, Rebecca, who, crippled by a fall, spent the remaining four years of her young life in continual suffering, till she, too, was called home. How greatly these sufferings were alleviated by the tenderness and yet firmness of her spiritual father may be judged by the correspondence before us.

Mr. Bruté to Rebecca.

REBECCA, MY SISTER,—I thank you for your dear little note. I have pasted it on the last page of my Bible, the one that your mother gave me. I am just come from the altar. To-day is the anniversary of my first Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in my poor France. But I would not edify you by saying that I still have a country upon this earth, did I not remember that our Lord Himself has given us the example of attachment to our native land: He who so much loved His dear Jerusalem! Pray, then, for France—for France at every time so dear to the Church.

At the Communion I took you in my heart, and offered you to our Lord as completely as I could. I hope that your desire is to detract nothing from this

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offering, but to be entirely His with so much love, with such fidelity, that a little lamb could not show the like. O, suffer then in peace; for it is all on account of the infinite love He bears you that He makes you suffer. Suffer, my dear Rebecca, because it is His will—His, who is your Father, your Redeemer, your Sanctifier, for all eternity. None of us wish to oppose His will; but all unite their prayers to yours that He may strengthen your weakness and enable you to persevere. 'Love is stronger than death,' heaven much more beautiful and greatly more delightsome than earth. To GOD I commend you; now pray as prays for you your poor brother,

S. BRUTÉ.

From the same.

BEC,—No rest last night. Then a standing or sitting posture, as the knights of old on the eve of the day they were knighted. But where do I carry your fancy and mine? We will go no further that way. Come, then, my pen, seek for something better; and since the hand has no rose to cull this morning for the beloved sufferer of my Jesus, we'll write her this name, better to her sight than any rose or lily—JESUS. Then write the other she likes, too, so much; write quickly—MARY. Write still the blessed father of the house she lives or suffers in—for her life is now but suffering—write, little pen, write quick and soft, her nursing father—JOSEPH. Well, now, dear Rebecca, be pleased; and when poor awkward creatures of this world try to

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soothe half a minute of your pains, look on high, and be delighted that it is your Father, the God of love and salvation, your beautiful Beloved Himself, who bids any of His creatures speak to your soul of the only Good, the only Comfort. He, my dear Bec, not I, is in any of these little black writing spots; He, not the flower you admire—the little food which feeds your spark of life—ah, more, He, even in what only still truly pleases you, and makes you yet so happy in your pains and faintings—your *mother*. He Himself is seen in her smile, her maternal voice, her loving, animating look. He is in all, my Rebecca; and let the storm roar around the walls and the gates of this transitory hard lazaretto of life; let sufferings, cruel and unrelenting, bid you stand and watch when the smallest bird enjoys his rest; let, let, let—the soul still knows how to cheer up, seeing and feeling her God, her Father, and Almighty Lover in all. Ah, yes; if I know your faith and your love, they will be as unvarying and pressing on as the sufferings can be, and more. One look at your bleeding Jesus will restore more strength and resolution to your soul than the most wearisome night would have taken away. 'He loved me, and for me was patient upon His Cross; so I love Him, and will be patient too.' Blessed be the short patience of this douloureuse life: this life is short, and the sweet fruit of such patience, eternal.

Your BROTHER.

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Mr. Bruté to Rebecca.

+ Jesus, Eve of His Transfiguration.

REBECCA, MY SISTER,—You have again been in great suffering this day, but your good angel was beside you. Mary, your tender mother, saw your pain. Their prayers were wafted to the Well-beloved, and called down upon you His grace. Ah, Rebecca, His grace! It is that gives you patience through the long hours of the day, and soothes the restlessness of tired nature. Poor nature! it is too blind and weak to prize the treasure of crosses and the happiness of such painful trials. But faith! O, Rebecca, what a brilliant light faith sheds upon your sufferings! Arrange the flowers; it is a holy occupation; dispose them to adorn the altar of your Well-beloved, while He favours your soul with His choicest and most precious graces. Dear child, the martyrs envied such happiness as you now possess. The saints in the desert voluntarily led a life of continual suffering, as yours is. O, courage, then; humble, loving courage. It is, I know, a faint heart, the most cowardly of hearts, that cries out to you, Have courage! But I do so in the name of your Divine Jesus, pierced, covered with blood, in agony for you. O yes, dispose the flowers for His altar; and when you are so exhausted as to be unable to do anything, even to say your prayers, let your silence, your peaceful abandonment of every earthly desire, your complete resignation, speak to His Heart, to that Heart so very tender, so infinitely loving. O, let us hide ourselves within it during this short moment of our mortal life! Bright eter-

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nity will soon open to us, as it opened a little earlier to Annina. Eternity! Heaven! Does not the heart rejoice? is it not raised up at these words? Deign to pray for my retreat. One of your sighs, one of your tears offered to God for me! To pray for others—O, what a satisfaction to you! and what sweet-smelling incense may be burnt upon your suffering heart to God, who is all charity! Pray, then, a great deal for others, for those whom you hold dear, for those who nurse you, for poor sinners, for the souls in purgatory. Make, the first thing in the morning, an offering to God of all that you will suffer in the course of the day as one unceasing prayer. You will thus be a real Daughter of Charity. S. BRUTÉ.

Who can wonder that after such letters as these Mrs. Seton writes: 'Darling Bec gets Mr. Bruté's picture. I would have put it away; but "No, no," she cried; "nowhere but opposite my eyes, at the foot of my bed."'

And then this 'blessed Child of the Cross' 'dropped her head once more, for the last time, on her mother's breast.' And the bleeding heart of her loving spiritual father pours out some of its sorrow, and yet of its joy, to her only absent brother, William, at Leghorn.

Father Bruté to William Seton.

Baltimore, November 1816.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Though we can scarcely keep up a very active correspondence, yet this is too

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special an occasion. I could not keep silence to one I love more tenderly than he can imagine, since, after the reserve of our first travelling acquaintance was over, those letters from Marseilles and Leghorn reached well my inmost heart. It is for Rebecca I write, whom you so dearly loved; and, I daresay, I loved also, as an aged brother—so charmed was I with that young, innocent, amiable little sister. My William, were you by me in this dark room in my lonely home, tears alone mingled with yours would be the whole talk and expression at such a moment. But surely I should feel that it is the brother of the womb, and a most fond brother, who beside me would shed his bitter tears; and that the tears of the poor priest are bound to flow only before his God, and with a full thought of his duty to Him and to the hearts He tries, and charges him to comfort and lift up to heaven. My William! how easy, indeed, it is this time to carry up these sorrows to heaven, and follow such an angel with a kind of sad yet delightful exultation. I hope you will be powerfully impressed with the unspeakable comfort which has softened here, for all, the departure of our beloved child. My William, be attentive to the voice of grace on this occasion. Dwell in prayer on the holy thoughts of the hour. You, a sensible and lofty soul, love to soar above in the time of prayer. Prayer, ah, prayer! speaking with God, our infinitely Beloved! Pray, my William; give up your heart in time to prayer, and that often. Your heart is the best of hearts, made for the only true enjoyment of this life, religion. O,

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my William! as in that night likely to be our last on the high seas together, let me entreat you to practise heartfelt practical religion. See that excellent Mr. Philip Filicchi, whom I never knew, yet have wept for with you and your mother; see, like Rebecca's, the triumph of a death like that! Reflect on it, cherish the thought; and may such be your end. Pray for your poor friend,

S. BRUTÉ.

And then the heaviest blow which could have befallen Mr. Bruté came upon him. Elizabeth Seton died; and he, whom she so tenderly called her *Brother*, wrote the following letters to one of her two surviving daughters:

Mr. Bruté to Josephine.

✠ MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,—The prayer I enclose is for you: 'May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable will of God be in all things fulfilled, praised, and exalted above all for ever!'

It was one of her most familiar ejaculations, and well-nigh the very last that she repeated while still amongst us.

The picture* is for William, who can easily keep it as a mark in his Prayer-Book: our Lord hanging on the Cross, our good mother at the foot; our common father praying with such respect and resig-

* The picture was Pius VII. in exile, kneeling in prayer before a crucifix and a little image of our Lady of Sorrows that rests against it; a dove—'the Spirit that abideth for ever' in the Church—sends down upon the venerable Pontiff rays of grace to strengthen, console, and enlighten him. This, and the prayer printed on a slip of paper, used to be kept by Elizabeth in one of her books of devotion, and were her great favourites.

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nation; his whole heart, ay, and ours too, expressed in his attitude—the spirit of grace, his hope and ours. Pray for me. S. BRUTÉ.

Mr. Bruté to Josephine.

I beg of you to accept this New Testament and the Imitation as if coming from your mother herself. O, such a mother! such faith, such love! such a spirit of true prayer, of true humility, of true self-denial in all, of true charity to all—truest charity! Such a mother! Annina, Rebecca—such sisters yonder! I love them still; but mark well that even our love for one another, all, all in this world, is vanity, except it be for God, of God, in God! You must love each other—Emily, Josephine—just only to help you the better to love and serve God as you pass through this world. Pass, pass, pass, we little shadows do—so rapidly! For, pray, what will be twenty, forty years more to live *here below*, for those who hear, and delight to hear, that repeated cry at the altar, 'Per omnia sæcula sæculorum'? Then, O so heartily, say 'Amen!' Why do two such resolute Christian souls as yours say at Vespers (I recommend it always so much) the admirable Canticle of Mary? Eighteen ages for her of immense glory! O, for that, then! For eternity! For God and eternity! All in all! And indeed to live for this, to live for heaven, is at the same time to lead the happiest life upon earth. Is it not so, O Mother? Answer from your *little wood.** Pray now and then for me. S. BRUTÉ.

* The wooded cemetery where she was buried. *Editor's Note.*

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Father Bruté had great difficulty to the last in expressing himself well in English; hence the style of the following letters may be considered rather stilted. But that slight defect will be forgotten in the beauty of the thoughts they contain.

Sunday of the Holy Name of Jesus, 1821.

My Josephine,—Giving advice is such a poor thing for him who addresses a heart just bleeding after her living union with love and wisdom, in their most sacred and persuasive forms. Still, to the eye of Faith, I have so high a right; to your kindness and good sense, my intention is such a sufficient excuse; besides, I try to speak but from the grave, where all your treasure is laid. If I only repeat what you yourself are most sensible of, then it cannot displease you; it can but strengthen and support the best intentions of your own [heart]. Now, this was my morning thought, very early at this table,—that after the first painful time of parting (which is no real separation, and for so short a time, compared to the eternity coming on); after the indisposition which threatened, and, thanks be to God, has not been so long and severe as it might have proved, you begin this week to employ your time as usefully as you can; let that be your consolation and offering to your mother. After long nursing, and the sorrow which suspends all powers, occupation is a strange thing—without interest at first. Make it, then, a pure offering of duty to your mother. 'O, brighten up!' she herself says. Believe me that your good friends, and the young ones particularly,

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will be much pleased and edified at your courage. And suffer me to carry that same advice further on; I mean even when you find yourself amidst the attentions of other friends, yield not entirely; seek to be resolutely employed and diligent, in your many ways. Nothing is so endearing and estimable; for, while friends think it their duty to be over-kind, and thus please themselves, they are, nevertheless, but the more sensible of the duty it leaves, on the other hand, to a modest, laborious, and diligent soul. Do I say well? Do I say what said your mother? I scarcely know,—so inexperienced am I of the things out of my wholly spiritual line, that all this may win but your smile, and a merciful 'My father says his best, but all in strange and odd turns enough.' Well, well, I will end, my dear Josephine, and rely on your visitor, *within* your own heart, reviving continually, that best of inheritances so richly laid there by your holy mother: pure, *purest intentions* in all; prudence, humility, self-denial, every best and truest suggestion of that solid piety and incomparable good sense of hers. She tried to leave all to her Josephine. God, one God! Pray for your poor friend

S. BRUTÉ.

✠ ETERNITY.

One day more, my dear Josephine,—and so near that 4th. Can I pass the whole day without trying my poor little union to your sorrow? If a priest, and all for spirituals, yet is not this a most sacred

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care to be added to the heavenly ones, if God gave me grace for it? O, if I knew better how to transmit, indeed, to your heart the tender grace of that great Father of orphans, good Friend of sufferers, true Father, only Friend! O, my Josephine, though I write thus with tears, and not the first this day —the first, happily, at the altar, and others since, receiving back books so well used by mother; though I say, dear child, no heart but feels now your exceeding pain, yet God, your God, alone will remain within your own heart, to comfort you, the true Father and faithful Friend. This our present world is so imperfect, and so unavailing even in its most precious things of sympathy and love! My own old mother in France, whom, dear child, I shall also see no more, no more than yours, who was also mine for kindness—my tender mother warned me thus; and to draw me nearer to God, always told me that He alone remained the untiring faithful Friend. When the hurry of life and business soon carries everyone his usual ways—alas, may be, often in these days you feel it—when it permits not, no, not the best of hearts and most willing to condole and comfort, to offer much real or soothing care to the wounded soul, God alone, our good God, my dear child, truly, God alone—at your prayer, your reading, or some musing with Him and thinking of your mother; or, when, taking already some little work in hand—keeps, within, His tender and faithful company with you,—speaks, within, of His divine rights and holy will, but with so much love and grace for the poor child,—speaks, O surely, of

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your sacred trust in Him, above all,—of His providence to the least of His creatures, then how much more to His own divine image in ourselves! Happy you to have honoured it so well by the side of your sacred sufferer—so well in her and yourself! That side, my Josephine,—let us turn wholly that side. Do, and settle gently, reasonably, what to prudence and friends may seem best; but feel the whole confidence and solace of resting in God only. If you love Him and submit to Him, blessings will ever be abundantly fulfilled. Yes, if you *love* and submit—two words that will be continually coming to you from that holy grave, or rather from beyond, —love and embrace in all that most *high*, most *amiable* Will, as said your mother to the last; that Will so long, and to the last, her all. My dear child, if you do this morning and night, and often now all the day long, surely blessings will be abundantly fulfilled to you, even in the excess of your present grief. Will you, my good Josephine, kindly receive this poor mortal father of your soul, as he comes round your bleeding heart? It is not, you see, that he presumes to speak his own words; how silent, rather, he would remain! He does but write over and over again, or as from the heart of your own mother repeat the only Name which is all at once duty, comfort, and hope: God, God, your good God, all in all! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; holy, holy, holy, saints and angels say with your mother. 'Though we pray, we hope.'—Respectfully, my dear Josephine,

S. BRUTÉ.

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To Josephine.

(Pen-and-ink sketch at top of a Grave and Cross under a spreading tree, and the date.)

4th January 1821.

My dear Josephine,—Can I show too often my desire for your salvation? Ah! when now your mother is silent, take, sometimes, your psalms, her psalms, in her Bible, one verse or other. You will find her whole soul still warm to her God in yours. But what do I say? She [is] in the better place of love. I only mean to remind her Josephine what must have been her impressions, even while upon earth, and teach you humbly to seek for the same. I was just saying in my Office, the 24th:

'To Thee, O Lord, I have lifted up my soul.'

'In Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed. Neither let my enemies laugh at me: for none of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded.'

'Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me, and teach me Thy paths.'

'Direct me in Thy truth and teach me; for Thou art my God, my Saviour, and on Thee have I waited all the day long.' (How she did!)

'Remember, O Lord, Thy bowels of compassion, and Thy mercies that are from the beginning of the world.'

'The sins of my youth, and ignorances, do not remember.' (How humby did she say this!)

'According to Thy mercy, remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.'

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'The Lord is sweet and righteous; therefore He will give a law to sinners in the way'—(*the* way!!!).

'He will guide the mild in judgment; He will teach the meek His ways.' (Therefore be ever meek and humble.)

'All the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth, to them that seek after His covenant and His testimonies.'

Let us, then, *seek*, dear child. Be happy, be good; make William and Richard good. Help them to it by the most sweet and steady example. Pray for your mother. Pray also for me, who will ever pray for you. S. BRUTÉ.

✝ Tuesday of Pentecost.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,—What full conversation of *mother* had I yesterday, with Mgr. Flaget, with whom I crossed the seas the first time,—just to be at the very beginning of that valley, now the scene of such an extensive blessing![*] O mother, mother, we said, could she ever have known what, in the secret of our dear Lord, He had prepared, to meet her simple offering of herself to His only glory and love, as He should Himself see best; only so purely, but the consequences so perfectly unforeseen to herself; nay, equally so to those who at first might have feared to suggest too great a sacrifice for God and for eternity!—for God coming for us to Bethlehem, dying for us on the Cross—for *eternity*, no less than Himself enjoyed in *heaven*—face to face—with Mary

[*] The large house of the Sisters of Charity founded by Mrs. Seton. *Editor's Note.*

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and the saints, *for ever*. All sacrifices were made with a heart which God Himself, whose grace accomplished them through it, knew, although to those who saw nearest that heart they were but dimly felt. Your mother, Josephine, your dear mother, why do I try to speak of her to you? My dear Josephine, look from your valley to New York, and on every side; not the hundreds, but now the *thousands* of children blessed through your mother. Now only all respect and affection to you and William. Pray for me. S. BRUTÉ.

[We might multiply letters of this sort to any extent; for Mr. Bruté, in spite of his incessant avocations, seemed always to make time to soothe and comfort the sick or the sorrowful. But we must return to Dr. Bayley's narrative for the description of the remainder of this holy and eventful life.]

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CHAPTER VI.

HIS LIFE AS PRESIDENT OF ST. MARY'S AND ON THE MOUNTAIN MISSION. HE IS MADE BISHOP OF VINCENNES.

The Rev. Mr. Bruté remained at the Mountain, assisting Mr. Dubois in his various labours in the College, on the Mission, and at the Sisterhood, until 1815, when he visited France for a short time, with the permission of his Superior, to bring over his library, and to interest the clergy and people in favour of the missions. He returned in November of the same year, and was appointed President of St. Mary's College at Baltimore, where he remained until 1818, when, on the death of Mr. Duhamel, he again returned to Emmittsburg, and resumed his labours at the college and amongst the Catholics in the neighbourhood. Mount St. Mary's College was now thoroughly organised; the students of the Theological School connected with it acted as prefects, and assisted as teachers in the institution. The system thus adopted by Bishop Dubois is liable to some objections; it interferes no doubt with that exact ecclesiastical training which is justly considered of so much importance. Still, even independent of its economical character, it has many advantages, especially for those who are to exercise the holy ministry in a new country, where churches have to be built and everything formed. The discipline of teaching

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and governing boys creates habits most useful under the peculiar difficulties to which a priest is exposed in a country like America. Under such a system, however, it is of the greatest importance that the Superior of the seminary should be much more than a mere professor of theology. He should be one fitted to keep before those under his charge the living image of a faithful priest, and capable of forming them to such habits of ecclesiastical virtue as should protect them against the distracting influences of their present duties, as well as the more worldly influences to which they will be exposed in after life. Such a Superior, in the true sense of the word, was Father Bruté.* He understood fully all the responsibility which rested upon him, and never did any one in his situation discharge it more faithfully.†

A copy of some of his memoranda at this time will give a better idea of his life than any mere generalities.‡

* I have often heard old students at the Mountain say, that when they served Bishop Bruté's Mass they were overawed by the quiet, subdued, but enwrapped fervour with which he said it; at the moment of consecration in particular he seemed to be carried entirely out of himself.

† 'The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey has related, with the enthusiasm of an admiring pupil and attached friend, the many virtues exhibited by Bishop Bruté at the Mountain as a professor of theology and missionary priest. I was tempted to enrich these pages with extracts from this touching address; but it has been happily republished in the *Mountain Memorial*, and I would refer all who have not read it and the speech on Bishop Dubois (two of the most beautifully written and interesting discourses of this character in the English language) to that work.' *Dr. Bayley's Narrative.*

‡ He was fond of drawing out these details on paper, as a sort of help to self-examination. Sometimes notes of what he had taught, of what he had read during the day; how many times he had seen or touched the Blessed Sacrament, &c.

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The following is headed 'One day of a Priest,' Eternity.*

'4½ o'clock. "Benedicamus Domino," "Praise be to God"— on awakening; vocal prayer; meditation before the Tabernacle. Rev. Mr. Hickey's Mass; Jesus Christ my Lord present.

'6 o'cl. Celebrated Mass; Jesus Christ present; breakfast; bodily care. Returned to the church (on the Mountain), opened the Tabernacle, and took out the Blessed Sacrament. Went with Guy Elder through the woods, our Blessed Lord on my breast. Said our beads with acts of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament at the end of each decade.

'8 o'cl. At Mrs. McCormick's; her lively marks of faith and joy; heard her confession; arranged the table; called the people; the young convert and her little one; her husband preparing for his first Communion; administered the Blessed Sacrament to Mrs. McC.; spoke of Martha and Mary and Lazarus and Zaccheus, old friends of our Lord on earth; He still upon earth, and we His present, living friends. On our way to Emmittsburg recited the Miserere, Our Father, Hail Mary; hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

'9½ o'cl. At the church in Emmittsburg; opened the Tabernacle and Ciborium. Went to see Mr. —, ten years without making his Easter Communion; good *moral* character, as they say; heard his con-

* This must have been the first time he was at the Mountain, 1812-15. The word 'Eternity' is written upon all his notes and loose papers. The thought of it seems to have been always present to his mind, and to have animated him to fidelity in all his duties.

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fession; strong faith, gave lively evidences of it; had a talk with him, &c.

'10¾ o'cl. Coming back, baptised the child of Peter's wife: her abundant tears; her great difficulties; did not hear her confession at that time.

'11 o'cl. Returned to church in Emmittsburg; restored B. S. to the Ciborium; stopped at St. Joseph's with Guy; paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; saw Mrs. Brawner.

'12 o'cl. Found at the college an old German woman waiting for me; had not been to her duty for ten years; sick and lame; looked very poorly; came to know if I would hear her. Sister Angela gave her a dinner; to come again on Sunday.

'1½ o'cl. Was called to see Glacken above Emmittsburg; went to the church at Emmittsburg to get the Blessed Sacrament; this is the fifth time today that I have touched my Sovereign Lord "the King of Glory," as Mr. Duhamel has it embroidered on the inside door of the Tabernacle; carried It to the sick; administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; made a little address to those present—several Protestants.

'4 o'cl. Went to Mrs. Brawner's; heard her confession; recited my Office—O the wonders of that Office of the Blessed Sacrament!—and am now writing down these notes; but a thousand details, thoughts, and acts not told. How wonderful the day of a priest! In the evening, instructions for Confirmation.'

On the same paper is written: 'What have I done to-day for the house? Reviewed the second

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Latin class; had a conversation before God with one of the young men; Latin lesson; reviewed the third French class; Latin lesson to Guy Elder; had a conversation with another young man who came to consult me; one with Mr. Hickey; one with the two gardeners; wrote a letter, the dialogue for Baltimore, six pages; spiritual reading, the usual prayers. If all done well, what a blessing it would bring! but, O my Lord, so poorly, by halves—alas!'

On one sheet of paper he has written an account of the manner in which he spent the third Sunday in Advent, at the seminary in Paris in 1804, when a student there; the third Sunday in Advent at Rennes in 1809, as professor of theology; and the third Sunday in Advent 1819, at the Mountain. The Sunday at Paris and Rennes is the usual exact routine of seminary life in France; the Sunday at Emmittsburg is as follows:

'Slept at the Mountain.

'5 o'clock. Rose; first prayers.

'5½ o'cl. On my way to the Sisters (at St. Joseph's), meditation *en route*.

'6 o'cl. Heard confessions; wrote out my meditation.

'7 o'cl. Mass; read De Blois' *Lives of the Saints*.

'8 o'cl. Breakfast at Mr. Grover's.

'8¼ o'cl. Gave Communion at the church at Emmittsburg to two persons; heard confessions; wrote a meditation.

'10½ o'cl. Went to visit Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Bradley, who are sick; said my "Little Hours" on the way.

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'11½ o'cl. Stopped at the Sisters'; read the *Life of Madame de Chantal;* wrote an exhortation for the funeral of Mrs. Lindsay.

'1 o'cl. Gave Benediction; read the Epistle for the Sunday, and gave a short instruction.

'1½ o'cl. Returned to the Mountain; visited the Sisters at their house [*i.e.* the Sisters who lived at the Mountain, and at that time had charge of the domestic arrangements, infirmary, &c.]; said a few words.

'2 o'cl. Went to Mr. Elder's; officiated at Mrs. Lindsay's funeral; exhortation; read the *History of the Councils* [*i. e.* whilst walking, according to his custom].

'3 o'cl. Vespers; gave Benediction; heard confessions after Vespers.

'4 o'cl. In my room; heard confessions there; Office; looked over some Gazettes 1816-17 [French newspapers]; read in the *Encyclopædia* an account of Pennsylvania.

'7 o'cl. Supper; study.

'8¾ o'cl. Evening prayers; reading, &c.'

On another paper, headed 'A day at the Missions of Emmittsburg'—a holiday at the college, I suppose—he writes down the details of a day's work, spent in going from one family to another through the country; not visits of friendship or pleasure, but to persons evidently who neglected their duty. He has marked the distances on the margin, and they sum up thirty miles. He left the Mountain at 4¾ o'clock in the morning, celebrated Mass at 5½ o'clock at the Sisters at St. Joseph's, and was home at the college at 6½ in the evening. He sums up the day's

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work by the following memorandum: 'I *remember* to have spoken to sixty-two persons, most probably, with regard to matters connected with religion and their duty; made a short exhortation at Mass, it being St. Ignatius's day. Three persons were warned about their Easter duty; several spoken to for circulating evil reports; others warned against attending a camp meeting to begin next week at Hoovers.' On another day he writes: 'Saturday night, 14th, I received from Baltimore a number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Stuart against the eternal generation of Jesus Christ. Sunday, 15th, already read through Stuart's book, and wrote a long letter of remarks upon it to Rev. Mr. Elder; attended to the duties of the day at Emmittsburg; in the evening read, partly on the road, partly at home, most of the *Edinburgh*. Monday: This day I finished the *Edinburgh*, made a dozen long notes on the article on O'Meara's Journal, and two on the article upon Duprat's works, with some search amongst my books in regard to points in these memoranda; wrote a letter to Mr. Chance; packed up the whole, to be sent to Baltimore to-morrow morning by Sister Xavier, who is going there; finished a map of the Ecclesiastical States for the geography class; read on the sixth chapter of St. John, Witasse, Tournely, Drouin, Bellarmin, and the *Discussion Amicale;* consulted also Wesley's Notes, Cajetan, Beil, Bergier, my old notes of Mr. Frassinous, and noted down twenty-one arguments upon the subject; taught the class in theology; studied some other questions; taught the class in philosophy; went to a sick call, &c. &c. &c.;

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and then the usual happy round of a priest, Prayer, Meditation, Mass, Breviary, Beads, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, &c.'

The following memorandum was made on the 20th March 1821: 'On the evening of the 14th of March Mr. Damphoux arrived at the Mountain to recall Mr. Hickey to Baltimore. The next morning, after I had celebrated Mass at the St. Joseph's, I started on foot for Baltimore,* without saying a word to anybody, to speak to the Archbishop and Mr. Tessier, and endeavour to retain him. Stopped at Taneytown, at Father Zochi's, and got something to eat. At Winchester found out that I had not a penny in my pocket, and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. Arrived at Baltimore (52 miles) ten minutes before 10 o'clock. Mr. Hickey to remain at the college: Laus Deo. Set out on my return the next day (16th) in the afternoon; stopped at Mr. Williamson's, 6½ miles from the city, where the storm obliged me to take refuge. On Saturday, 17th (St. Patrick's day), said Mass, and made a discourse to the people on the text "Filii sanctorum sumus." At 7 o'clock started again, the wind and rain in my face, sometimes so severe as almost to take away my breath; arrived at the Mountain at 10½ o'clock at night. In going, I read 388 pages in D'Anquétil's *History of France*, the reigns of

* It is related of him, that in one of his journeys on foot to Baltimore, he was obliged to put up at a lonely house, the only spare bed in which was claimed by a doctor who had preceded him. They entered into conversation upon the subject of medicine, and the doctor was so much delighted with the pupil of Pinel and Bichât, that he insisted upon Father Bruté's taking the bed.

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Louis XII. and Francis I.; 14 pages of Cicero *de Officiis;* three chapters in the New Testament; my Office; recited the Chaplet three times. On my journey back the wind blew so hard, that I could only read a pamphlet of 25 pages (documents of the Bishop of Philadelphia) and my Office.'

During the time that he was thus busily employed in the duties of his station, and in training up so many future bishops and priests, he interested himself in everything that could conduce to the refutation of error and the progress of religion. He contributed constantly to the Catholic newspapers original articles, and often furnished materials for others to use; he carried on a correspondence not only with friends in France, his family and others, but with many distinguished persons in the United States; and he assisted Mr. Duponceau in his works on the Indian languages. He was a friend and correspondent of Charles Carroll of Carrolltown, of the distinguished Judge Gaston of North Carolina, and many others.

When the present Archbishop of Baltimore (the Most Rev. F. P. Kenrick) was appointed coadjutor to the aged Bishop of Philadelphia (Dr. Conwell) and administrator of the diocese in 1830, and set himself to work to repair the injuries which had been done to Christian piety and Church discipline by that unworthy priest, the Rev. William Hogan and his followers—a task for which his virtues and learning eminently qualified him—Mr. Bruté interested himself with his usual zeal in the good works which were undertaken for this purpose, and espe-

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cially in the holding of regular diocesan synods and the establishment of a diocesan seminary. The great object of his solicitude always was the formation of an intelligent zealous clergy, well grounded in the knowledge of theology and Holy Scriptures, and able to cope with the peculiar difficulties which stand in the way of Catholics and the Catholic religion in America. In furtherance of these views, he warmly approved of Bishop Kenrick's design to prepare a course of theology adapted to the wants of the Catholic clergy in the United States, where error alike in doctrine and morals presents itself under so many new and startling forms. His numerous letters to Bishop Kenrick upon these subjects not only give evidence of his zeal and piety, and of his high appreciation of the priestly character, but afford specimens of his profound knowledge of theology and admirable critical skill. He was no mere bookworm, but had great freshness and independence of thought. It might have been supposed that the scenes he had passed through and witnessed in early life would have made him somewhat of an ultra-conservative—one opposed to all change; but it was not so. Though no one could have been more firm than he was in resisting any attempt to alter or modify anything essential to the true character and office of the Church, yet no one understood better the advantages of judicious accommodation to times and circumstances.

When the bishops in the United States began to hold provincial councils, Father Bruté was appealed to from every side, and his advice was con-

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stantly asked in regard to those matters which it was their object to arrange. He had from the time of his arrival in America been anxious that the bishops of the country should assemble in this manner, feeling how important it was for the progress and stability of religion, not only that they should meet and confer together, but that proper and uniform rules of discipline should be established throughout the country, while it still formed one ecclesiastical province. Many of the beneficial effects which followed the provincial councils of Baltimore may be attributed to him.

It was thus that, although apparently hidden in his Mountain retreat, engaged in his quiet duties as a professor and missionary, his influence extended on every side, and the whole country may be said in some sense to have been the field of his labour. No opportunity of doing good escaped his vigilant zeal. If he heard of a rich Catholic who did not make good use of his riches—of one who was lukewarm in the faith—of a priest who was a cause of scandal or had apostatised—he immediately made use of every influence in his power to bring them to a sense of their duty. By fervent and touching letters addressed to themselves, or by interesting those who were acquainted with them, he endeavoured to infuse into their souls some portion of that spirit of faith and devotion which burned in his own.

His excellent mother died in 1823; and in 1824 he visited his native country, to arrange matters connected with her property. His memoranda show that, as usual, every thought of his heart and every

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moment of his time was occupied with the interest of religion.* His visits and conversations were all directed either to the spiritual good of the persons visited, or the benefit of the missions which he had so much at heart. He returned in the autumn, and immediately reëntered upon his duties at Mount St. Mary's.

In 1832, when the cholera had begun its ravages with so much virulence in Canada, and its immediate extension to the United States was anticipated, he wrote to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore (Whitfield), offering his services when it should reach that city. In August the Rev. Father Deluol visited Mount St. Mary's; and the pestilence having broken out in Baltimore, the Rev. Mr. Bruté returned with him, in order to attend upon the sick. Immediately after his arrival he had a violent attack of intermittent fever, and was obliged to return to the Mountain; but as soon as he had recovered, he set off again, without saying a word to any one, for Baltimore, and laboured in the cholera

* He took advantage of this visit to make a long Retreat at the solitude at Issy, under Mr. Mollevant. I have in my possession the notes of this and of all his Retreats, which he made with great regularity and exactness. They contain abundant evidence of his progress in solid piety and of his intimate union with God. In dwelling, during this Retreat at Issy, upon the particular graces and benefits which God had bestowed upon him, he mentions the holy priests who had been his spiritual directors at different periods of his life. 'O, what an account shall I have to give,' he writes, 'of such eminent graces! My youth at Rennes—Mr. Carron. During the times of the persecution, so many confessors and martyrs—Mr. Touchet, Mr. Sorette. At Paris, when a student of medicine—Mr. Delpuits. My seminary at Paris—Mr. Emery and Mr. Duclaux. The seminary at Rennes—a saint, Mr. Gueretrie. The seminary at Baltimore—Mr. Nagot and Mr. Tessier. Mount St. Mary's—Mr. Dubois. My present Retreat, in the solitude at Issy—Mr. Mollevant.'

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hospitals there until his services were no longer needed.

One of the subjects—as connected with the progress and solid establishment of religion in America — which constantly occupied Father Bruté's thoughts, and upon which he often dwelt in his letters to Bishop Flaget and others, was the necessity of multiplying episcopal sees as fast as they were needed and fit subjects could be found to fill them. He was destined, in the order of God's providence, to coöperate in the work, not only by his advice and exhortations, but by his active exertions. The fathers of the second provincial Council of Baltimore in 1833, requested the Sovereign Pontiff (Gregory XVI.) to erect the town of Vincennes, in Indiana, into a bishopric, having jurisdiction over the state of Indiana and a part of Illinois; and the Rev. Mr. Bruté was, on their recommendation, appointed to be its first bishop. When the news reached him, his humility and strong sense of accountability caused him at first to shrink from the burden which was about to be placed upon his shoulders.* With all his zeal and activity, he was very diffident of his fitness for the office; and in one of his written examinations—in which, according to his usual custom, he states with great simplicity the two sides of the case—he makes out, according to his own view

* At the time he received the Bulls (May 1834) he was giving a Retreat to the Sisters at St. Joseph's. He first opened the documents in the chapel on his knees. The next day he went to Baltimore, and made a Retreat in the seminary, to decide whether he should accept or refuse. Every possible consideration on either side is drawn out with the acuteness of a practised lawyer, and the greatest simplicity and fidelity, in his usual detailed memoranda.

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of the matter, a very formidable list of defects; but when he found that the matter was settled, he went to work not only with the zeal of a good priest, but with the vivacity and energy of a true Frenchman. His only real defect was his imperfect English pronunciation. He may be said to have had every other qualification: natural talent, industrious and methodical habits, great erudition, a high sense of duty, a great spirit of self-sacrifice, and all directed by a will and energy of character which nothing could dishearten or overcome. I have been told that when the matter of his nomination to the new see was debated in council, Bishop England was opposed to it, thinking that, on account of his love of books and study, he would not be fitted for the office of a missionary bishop in the backwoods. But with Bishop Bruté *duty* was the first point; and Bishop England, and every one else who witnessed his short career as a bishop, must have been surprised at the energy and self-devotion which he manifested. In administrative talent in particular—a great point in a new country, where everything has to be created, as it were—he surprised those who knew him best.

As soon as he had accepted the Bulls, he made the necessary arrangements for his consecration, and prepared to set out for the new and arduous field of labours to which the few remaining years of his life were to be devoted.*

* It must have been a great trial to him to leave Mount St. Mary's. It is evident, from his letters, that he tore himself away from it with great reluctance. It had bound itself around his warm French heart with the sympathies of a second home. Bishop Bruté had what the phrenologists call the bump of Locality strongly developed; or rather, like all persons of an ardent affectionate nature, he formed strong local attachments.

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CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS BISHOPRIC AND DEATH.

We have unfortunately very little material wherewith to record the events of the last six years of the life of this truly noble man; but Bishop Bayley found among his manuscripts, notes of a letter apparently written by him to the Leopoldine Association of Vienna, in return for some assistance it had given him, and which relates many interesting circumstances connected with his taking possession of his diocese, and his first labours there. Whether it has ever been published, I do not know. 'Mere words,' he writes, 'will poorly express the gratitude of the Bishop of Vincennes for the offering of love and zeal which your benevolent association has been pleased, in the name of God, to bestow upon his newly-created diocese. The pious benefactors may rest assured of the best blessings of Heaven; may I have my share in them, by making a faithful use of what has been thus committed to my stewardship! It is perhaps proper that, in return, I should give you some information with regard to the diocese which has been the object of your bounty.

'When I arrived at Baltimore from France in 1810, to devote myself to the missions in this country, there was but one bishop for the whole United

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States, the late Most Rev. John Carroll. Since then many other sees have been erected; the see of Detroit, erected in 1833, was the twelfth; the see of Vincennes, erected in 1834 by the Holy See, at the recommendation of the second provincial Council of Baltimore, may be regarded as the thirteenth. To this see, thus established, I was named as the first bishop. At the time of my appointment I was, and had been for many years, Superior, and professor of theology in the seminary connected with the College of Mount St. Mary's, near Emmittsburg, in Maryland. Although a large number of priests now on the mission in the United States had been sent out from this seminary at the time of my appointment, they were not able to aid me, either with priests or money. The Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, the mother house, made me a present of two hundred dollars, to assist me in establishing myself at Vincennes. On my way to Bardstown, where I was to make my Retreat previous to my consecration, I visited my respected friend Dr. Purcell, the Bishop of Cincinnati, whose diocese must always continue to be a most worthy object of your generosity, as having a large population of German Catholics. He kindly accompanied me as far as Louisville, and then returned, whilst I proceeded on my way to Bardstown; where I once more had the happiness of meeting my father and friend the venerable Bishop Flaget, the patriarch of these western missions, in which he has laboured for above forty-three years—twenty-five of which as Bishop of Bardstown, and having jurisdiction over the whole western country.

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I was also permitted once more to embrace my old friend Bishop David, who, having resigned the co-adjutorship of Bardstown, has been succeeded by Bishop Chabrat.

'At the time of my arrival, Bishop Flaget was about leaving for Cincinnati, to consecrate the large German church which had been lately erected. I spent a few days in visiting the different institutions of the diocese: the College and Seminary at Bardstown, the beautiful institution of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, founded by Bishop David; and the house of the Sisters of Loretto, founded by the Rev. Mr. Nerincxs, both having several colleges and schools under their care. I visited also the flourishing College of the Jesuits (St. Mary's), and regretted very much that my time would not allow of my going to the Dominican Convent and Novitiate of St. Rose. By the time I had finished my Retreat (from 4th to 12th October) under Bishop David, Bishop Flaget had returned from Cincinnati, and I set out with him for Louisville, where Bishop Purcell joined us. Crossing the Ohio, we proceeded directly towards St. Louis, across the vast prairies of Illinois, and passed through the town of Vincennes,* half incognito. It was a source of great

* In a cheerful letter to Bishop David, from 'Salem, half-way between Vincennes and St. Louis,' he gives a detailed account of this journey, which in itself was no slight undertaking in those days. Once they were caught in a violent storm upon the prairies, and suffered severely from wet and cold. He draws, as usual, a lively picture of their mishaps and adventures, of Bishop Flaget—*l'incomparable*, as he calls him—drying his Breviary before the inn fire, &c. They spent only an hour and a half at Vincennes, as he says, without the guns firing, or the bells ringing, or a grand procession, or anything.

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happiness and consolation to me to pass so many days in the company of these holy bishops, and to meet that most excellent prelate, Dr. Rosati, of St. Louis. On the 26th of October, assisted by Bishops Flaget and Purcell, he consecrated his new and beautiful cathedral, which was an occasion of great joy to the whole city. A large body of the militia, and even the United States troops, from the barracks near St. Louis, assisted at the ceremony. Two days after, on the 28th of October, the day of the Holy Apostles St. Simon (my patron) and St. Jude, I was consecrated in the same cathedral, by the Right Rev. Bishop Flaget, assisted by Bishop Rosati and Bishop Purcell. The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hitzelberger. On the festival of All Saints, at the request of Bishop Rosati, I officiated pontifically for the first time. During these days, which was a time of general festivity, there were sermons, morning and evening, preached by the bishops or some of the Jesuit fathers, who have a large and flourishing college at this place, at present our farthest western point, 1,000 miles distant from New York, but with another 1,000 miles of territory extending beyond it to the Pacific, the only frontier of these vast United States.

'Having left St. Louis with Bishops Flaget and Purcell, the Rev. Messrs. Abel and Hitzelberger and Father Petit, we arrived at Vincennes on the 5th of November. Some miles before reaching the city, we were met by a number of the citizens, Catholics and Protestants, on horseback, who had accompanied their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lalumiere, a native of the

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state, and the first priest ordained (by Bishop Flaget) for Vincennes. He was of course filled with joy at seeing a bishop granted to his Indiana, and all the inhabitants seemed to share in it.

'The ceremony of the installation took place the same evening. Bishop Flaget, who, forty-three years before, had been the missionary priest here, when it was a simple trading and military post, in the midst of the surrounding wilderness—proceeded to address the people with his usual fervour. Venerated and loved by all, himself in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he introduced to them their new bishop, no longer young, being in his fifty-fourth year, and urged them to make a good use of the privileges which God in His mercy had bestowed upon them. Other instructions were given during these days. On Sunday I officiated pontifically; and on Monday my venerable colleagues took their leave, amidst the blessings of the whole population, to return to their respective dioceses. They literally left me alone. Father Petit was obliged soon after to return to his college in Kentucky. Mr. Lalumiere took charge of the missions in the vicinity of Vincennes, but still twenty-five or thirty miles distant; and in the whole diocese there were but two other priests—one, Mr. Ferneding, in charge of the German missions, 150 miles distant; and Mr. St. Cyr, whom Bishop Rosati had permitted to assist me for one year, and who was stationed at Chicago, 225 miles off.

'The cathedral church is a plain brick building, 115 feet long and 60 broad, consisting of the four walls and roof, unplastered, and not even white-

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washed; no sanctuary—not even a place for preserving the vestments and sacred vessels; only a simple altar of wood, with a neatly-gilded tabernacle, and a cross and six beautiful candlesticks, a gift from France, which were in great contrast with the poverty and utter destitution of the place. The house built for the missionary, and now the episcopal residence, consists of a small comfortable room and closet, 25 feet by 12, without, however, a cellar under or a garret above; a small plot for a garden lies between it and the church, on the other side of which is the Catholic cemetery. Some years since the town had a common burying-ground prepared beyond its limits, and insisted, for a while, that the Catholics should bury their dead in it like the rest; but they resisted so resolutely, they were at last permitted to bury in their own cemetery. An old wooden building a short distance from the *palace* is occupied by the servant, and near it is a stable ready for the bishop's horse, when he is able to get one. The people are mostly of French descent; poor, illiterate, but of that open lively disposition which bespeaks their origin. They retain their faith, and love their priest, but are negligent in attending to their religious duties. They are very remiss also in teaching their children their prayers and the Catechism, and this causes them to forget it themselves. Many also are in the habit of using profane language. It is true, and should be mentioned, that of late years they have been much neglected, and much of their former piety seems now to be rekindling in their hearts.

'The kind reception I met with on my arrival

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was followed up by generous gifts of provisions and other necessary things. Of money they have little, and consequently can give but little. A subscription-list which was handed round some months after I came, with the intention of providing a yearly income for my support, did not reach 200 dollars, and most of this was to be paid in grain, if they had not the money at the time. It may seem somewhat out of place for me to enter into such details; but they are necessary to show, that though a parish priest, accustomed to the simplicity of seminary life, may find a sufficient support, yet the resources of the diocese are entirely inadequate to provide for its great and urgent wants, the education of young men intended for the priesthood, and the building up of those institutions of charity for orphans and others, without which religion can never be firmly established. The revenue from pews* in my cathedral is so small as barely to supply what is necessary for the altar and current expenses of the church itself. Of some property which belongs to the diocese, but which at present brings no income, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

'As the directors of your association very properly request minute details, in order to be able to

* In a letter to Bishop Kenrick, dated December 18, 1834, he incidentally mentions that the pew-rent in his cathedral amounted to the enormous sum of 100 dols., and that the subscription for the support of the pastor was 240 dols., but not all of this paid. Still there is not a sign of complaint; his only demand, after all, is for priests. 'I am resigned,' he says, 'to remain at Vincennes alone, and attend the sick calls, and do all the work myself; but my great, my greatest want is priests for other places.'

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form an accurate opinion, I will proceed to give an account of the first six or eight months of my administration.

'A few days after the bishops who so kindly accompanied me to Vincennes had left, I went with the Rev. Mr. Lalumiere to visit his two missions, or congregations, as they are generally named in this country; first to St. Peter's, and then to St. Mary's. The last was not quite completed, and I was requested to name it. It was a great happiness to me to put the first church which I was called upon to bless in my new diocese under the patronage of the Blessed Mother of God; so I named it St. Mary's, and promised to return again in two weeks and bless it, when it was finished. On the day appointed all the good people assembled with their worthy pastor, Mr. Lalumiere, at the little chapel. It was built of logs, as almost all the buildings still are in this part of the country. It is only about from fifteen to twenty years since these settlements were made. There are about 150 Catholic families, most of them from Kentucky, but some from Ireland. We formed a procession and went round the chapel, and the ceremonies were observed as closely as possible; then I celebrated Mass, and gave an instruction to those who were present. Some baptisms and a marriage filled up the labours of the day, marked as the first on which I blessed a church in the wilderness. The conduct of the people was most edifying.

'Afterwards I visited some of the places around Vincennes, where I found small clusters of Catholic families. At the Cat's river, thirteen miles from the

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town, I had more than twenty five or thirty families to attend, and every time I went there I saw how much more good would be done by a resident pastor. I will soon send one to them, though for the first few years he will have to be supported chiefly from the means at the bishop's disposal. Once they are firmly rooted, however, such missions will support themselves. The people are mostly of French origin. I visited another congregation in Edgar County, on the Illinois side of the diocese, about seventy miles from Vincennes. It is an American settlement from Kentucky, with some Irish families among them. There are perhaps fifty or sixty families within a circuit of fifteen miles, and I found them, as at St. Mary's, truly zealous for their religion, and talking of the church which they would soon build, and the priest that would soon be sent to them.

'At Vincennes I undertook to bring our long-neglected youths to their first Communion. At Christmas I had twenty, some of whom I had prepared myself as well as I could. Others I put off, intending to prepare them during Lent. Sixty more made their first Communion at Easter, many of them seventeen, eighteen, and twenty years old. The following Sunday I administered the Sacrament of Confirmation for the first time in the Cathedral of St. Francis Xavier to about ninety, mostly the same who had just made their first Communion. I say nothing of the difficulty of the task, as it would look as if I were commending my own exertions, the poor results of which I have rather to lament before God. I simply mention what may give the association

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a proper idea of the task of the bishop, and of the situation of the newly-erected diocese.

'Having a population of about 1500 souls under my immediate pastoral care, every Sunday I had to give two instructions—one in French, and one in English—and then to administer the Sacraments. In the eight months I had sixty-five baptisms, ten marriages, and twenty burials, and a great many sick calls to attend—often six, seven, and ten miles from home. Then there were a number of other visits to be made, poor to be seen to, Protestants to instruct, &c. I received four men into the Church, two of them upon their deathbed.

'Much of my time was also taken up by the extensive correspondence which devolved upon me as soon as I was sent to Vincennes, and also by the numerous articles I continued writing, as I had long been in the habit of doing, for the religious papers, particularly the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati. That kind of work is continually called for by our position in this country, and the influence exerted by it is too important to allow it to be neglected. Under the signature of "Vincennes" a series of letters was published, in which the ancient labours of the Society of Jesus in this region, from the Lakes to the Mississippi, were described. Our very town took its name from a French officer, M. de Vincennes, who was massacred some time ago by the Indians, together with a Jesuit Father who had accompanied him in an expedition to protect the friendly tribes who lived upon the Wabash, where the Society had established the mission of St. Francis

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Xavier. Others of these communications consisted of a sketch of the country and its aborigines; an account of the former difficulties which Religion had had to contend with; her obscure and precarious beginning, her present hopes, the inducements offered now to Catholic settlers, and also the steps taken by the last Council to obtain the erection of the new diocese, comprising Indiana and a part of Illinois. They were followed by an account of our present transactions, and a pastoral letter which I had given after my consecration, and which had been published in the newspapers of Vincennes and in all our Catholic journals. In that letter the Protestants themselves were affectionately addressed, and the intentions of the American bishops and our Holy Father at Rome were explained in such a plain and simple way, that it left no room for the absurd charge of their being influenced by political, and not simply by religious considerations; and that no foreign conspiracy or danger for the civil institutions of America was involved in this carrying out of the original divine commission given to the Church by her Lord: "Go and teach all nations."

'Being convinced of the fact that we could not obtain missionaries from the other dioceses, I determined to try to obtain some from abroad. Before setting out, however, for this purpose, I wished to examine myself the west and north of the diocese; while Mr. Lalumiere was to go through the south and east, and make a report of his observations to me, so that I could start without much delay on the journey in which I am now engaged. After Easter,

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in company with an honest and pious man of Vincennes, I went through Illinois, visiting again Edgar county for the Paschal duty, and then proceeding north as far as Chicago on Lake Michigan. Mr. St. Cyr had arrived there from St. Louis, and enabled the Catholics to make their Easter Communions; so I gave only a few Confirmations and three instructions—one on Saturday and two on Sunday—to encourage the rising Catholic congregation of that most important place. It is now composed of about 400 souls of all countries, French, Canadians, Americans, Irish, and a good number of Germans. The garrison of the fort, the commandant, and part of the staff and a band of musicians attended. In general, it may be said that the military are always friendly to the Catholics and their services, which they are free to attend if they choose.

'From Chicago we went round the end of Lake Michigan to the River St. Joseph and the mission of the Rev. Mr. De Seille, at the Indian village of Pokegan, situated just outside our diocese, and in that of Detroit. This mission was established many years ago by the venerable Mr. Badin. Mr. De Seille has lived for three or four years at Pokegan's village; he has baptised there and in the neighbourhood more than 650 Catholic Indians. A large number of their huts are built round the chapel, which is constructed of bark, with a Cross erected behind and rising above it, and filled with rudely made benches. The Indians begin and end their work without hammer, saw, or nails—the axe being their only implement, and bits of skin or bark serv-

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ing to fasten the pieces together. The room of the missionary is over the chapel, the floor of the one forming the ceiling of the other. A ladder in the corner leads to it; and his furniture consists, as did the prophet's, of a table, a chair, and a bed, or rather a hammock, swung on ropes. Around the room are his books, and the trunks which contain the articles used in the chapel as well as his own apparel. He spends his life with these good people, sharing their corn and meat, with water for his drink, and tea made from the herbs of his little garden. He abjures all spirits, as all the Catholic Indians are forbidden to touch that which is the bane of their race, and he encourages them by his example. I attended the evening catechism, prayers, and canticles, and in the morning said Mass, at which a large number assisted. Through the interpreter I addressed a few words to them.

'On Thursday evening we arrived at South Bend, a little town beautifully situated on the high banks of the St. Joseph River. It is growing rapidly, owing to its many advantages. Crossing the river, we visited "St. Mary of the Lake," the mission-house of the excellent Mr. Badin, who has lately removed to Cincinnati. He had a school there, kept by two Sisters, who have also gone away, leaving the place vacant. The 625 acres of land attached to it, and the small lake named St. Mary's, make it a most desirable spot, and one soon, I hope, to be occupied by some prosperous institution. Rev. Mr. Badin has transferred it to the Bishop, on the condition of his assuming the debts—a trifling

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consideration compared with the importance of the place.

'On Friday morning we left for the Tippecanoe river and the village of Chickakos. The Indians had heard of our coming, and had sent some of their number in advance to ascertain our movements. They gave notice of our approach to others who had camped out a few miles to wait for the Bishop, and make a more worthy escort for him. The chief of the Chickakos was there, and directed their movements. Coffee had been prepared at a small village only three miles from the principal one. We dismounted, and sitting on mats of woven straw, partook of their kind cheer. Then we crossed the river, and soon arrived. On our way, Mr. De Seille pointed to a poor mother sitting on the bank with an infant child lying in her lap, who had been recently baptised, and was now near death. He told me that it would be a great consolation to her if I would give her my blessing, and tell her of the happiness awaiting her little angel. I did so; and could see by her silent and resigned expression that she felt comforted.

'Chickakos village is not so large as Pokegan, yet the chapel is nearly the same size. It is, however, without a ceiling, and without a room for the missionary overhead. The mission being of later standing, Mr. De Seille had baptised only about one hundred and twenty persons, of whom I confirmed sixteen. He was to remain there two weeks, to prepare many more for baptism and some for their first Communion. He said he found some difficulty in preparing the Indians for their first Communion, on

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account of his not being sufficiently master of their language to make use of the proper terms in treating of the Holy Eucharist. He begins to understand it now; yet when he speaks to them, he prefers to do so through his interpreter, a Canadian woman, born of an Indian mother, a truly excellent and deserving person. She is seventy years of age, and yet preserves a strength and activity which is truly wonderful. She followed us on horseback, and was very ready to assist us. On our arrival all assembled at the chapel; and Mr. De Seille introduced me to them as their Bishop, the head in these parts of all the other "Robes Noires" (Black Robes), the name which they have given to the Catholic priests, or Jesuits; for it is all one to them. He added that I had no one above me on earth but the great "Robe Noire" beyond the high seas, the chief of all the Christians in the world, meaning the Pope. He said that every "Robe Noire" that would come to them must be sent by the bishop, and then be received; otherwise they should have nothing to do with them. The chief Chickakos said a few words in reply, to show that they were well pleased, and promised that they would meet together the next morning to give a more special expression to their feelings. Accordingly, on the Sunday morning, having informed us that they were ready, Mr. De Seille and myself sat upon two little stools in the chapel, and some twelve of the leading men came in and took their seats upon the opposite benches. Chickakos made the speech; and I was very much struck with the concluding sentence of

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it, when, raising his eyes and his arm towards heaven, and then pointing to the ground — having previously expressed their confidence in Father De Seille and in me, their readiness to receive me as their bishop, and their desire to show it, by presenting me with half a section (320 acres) of their land—he said that God, when He should return from heaven to visit the earth, would see that ground, to which he pointed, which they were giving me, and that it would prove to Him their sincere devotion to His holy religion and towards the messengers He had sent to secure its blessings to them. To this I replied through the good interpreter. We then made our preparations for Mass and the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Before Mass six children were baptised by me. My instruction was on prayer and the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Mr. De Seille told me that he had observed in them all such a deep sense of the eminent privilege of prayer, and the dispositions it required, such as are not found as often as they should be among the best instructed Christians of more favoured countries. I saw the most unequivocal evidence of it in their behaviour in the chapel, and the affecting earnest way in which they listened to the instructions, repeated their prayers, and sang their hymns; and I was very much edified. Of the sixteen that I confirmed, one was an old chief, who since his baptism had led such an innocent life, that he had not been observed to commit any fault, or give way to impatience, or any other imperfection.

'We slept on the benches of the chapel and

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some of the straw from the floor, wrapped up in our greatcoats, after the manner of the good father. Our food was boiled corn, fish, venison, and wild turkey, minced together in one dish, and some cranberries broken and mixed with the sugar they get from the trees. Our drink was water. Coffee was not to be had, although this was the principal village.

'In the afternoon Vespers were sung in Ottawa, and, as I should have mentioned before, by the aid of printed books. Many used them, as they are very quick in learning to read, and have retentive memories. Some knew the whole contents of their prayer-books. They contain all the usual daily prayers, and exercises for confession and communion, a pretty long catechism, and a large number of canticles, with many of the principal hymns and anthems of the Church. Among others, they have the "Pange lingua" and the psalms for Vespers translated in Ottawa.

'I was to leave them after Vespers; so before we began, they came to sign the deed of the land presented to the Church, which we had drawn up in as legal a form as we could, putting the indispensable condition that the act was subject to the approval of their temporal father at Washington, as they call the President of the United States. Although many know how to read, none know how to write; so Chickakos and some of his friends made their marks on the paper, and two Canadian traders who were present signed their names as witnesses. It remains now to be ratified by the President.

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'After a few parting words, and giving them my blessing, we mounted our horses, and were escorted for some miles by a large number of natives, with Chickakos at their head, who, before leaving us, dismounted from their horses, and asked their bishop's blessing again. Mr. De Seille was to remain a fortnight there giving instructions, and preparing the Indians for baptism and first Communion. Some time after, I received at Vincennes two long letters from that excellent missionary, giving me a most interesting account of the exercises during the fortnight he had spent there, at the end of which he had baptised eighty natives, and admitted thirty to their first Communion. He said that the coming of a bishop, "a chief man of the true prayer," as they called him, and head of the "Robes Noires," had excited much joy among all the Indians. They remembered when the Jesuits left the country, after the conquest of Canada by the English, how their fathers had hoped until their death for their return; and dying without that consolation, most earnestly recommended to their children to be looking for them when they should come, and to receive them, and believe them to be the true messengers of God.

'We spent the night at the house of a settler fifteen miles from Chickakos, and found the house so full that many had to lie on the floor, as I had done once on my way to the lake. Here we had a bed for two, as was often the case.

'Through all that journey of 600 miles we seldom came to any regular taverns; but almost every family would allow you to share their meals, and

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give you shelter under their roof, receiving on your departure a small compensation, which, however, is sufficient to remunerate them. Our old friend—for one evening's acquaintance establishes that relation between us—told me in the morning, when I asked for the bill, that he used to take nothing; but as he could not well afford that, and wished still to help any stranger, he only took what strictly sufficed. He was of the sect called "Christians." After supper he had said to us, "Friends, I ought not to interrupt our family rule on your account; we are about to have our evening devotions. You can remain with us, or, if you prefer to retire, I will show you your room." We thanked him, and said that we would rather retire. This did not displease him at all, or prevent him from bestowing every attention upon us.

'We were almost always thrown upon the hospitality of Protestants, and were treated kindly by all. In every family I improved such opportunities of conversation as were afforded me, with a few such simple remarks as would make them acquainted with our faith and practices, and remove some of the prejudices which they had acquired from their parents, or the ministers of the places from which they had come to settle in the West. They listened to what I had to say; and as very few ministers have as yet come to these remote parts, I found that it would be easy to preoccupy the ground. But, alas! we have not the means to do so, nor priests enough to send to the dispersed sheep of the house of Israel, nor to the servants of

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the true faith who are exposed to lose it almost as easily as these Protestants are to acquire it.

'The day after, we reached Logansport, a rapidly-improving town on the canal which is nearly completed, and will unite the Wabash with the Maumee at Fort Wayne, and thus Lake Erie with the Ohio, and the Mississippi through the states of Indiana and Illinois. I found there a good number of Catholics, and promised to send them one of the first priests I could obtain. I said Mass the next morning, and then left for home, yet some days' journey, passing through Fayetteville, Attica, Covington, Terrehaute, &c. Few Catholics are as yet collected in these growing towns, but there will soon be more. Had I said Mass at Terrehaute, about twenty Catholics might have been present, and many Protestants joining them; and in our new country that is sufficient encouragement to send a missionary. By this very visit to Europe I trust to obtain some whom I shall be able to support with the generous gift of the Association, and thus place Terrehaute and many other such towns on the list of the missions. I have myself heard in the city of Baltimore an interesting account of those who remembered to have had Mass said in their room by a missionary, there being no resident pastor. Baltimore—where there are now five parish churches, a splendid cathedral, a seminary, and five private chapels in the different communities and hospitals—reckons twelve sanctuaries in which twenty-one priests, living with their archbishop in that metropolis, officiate. Poor diocese of Vincennes! Let us, however, put our trust in

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God, and what a change can a few years, through His blessing and the perseverance of zealous souls, effect!

'Shortly after my return, Mr. La Lumière came home, and the account of his journey was very consoling. He had found more Catholics than I had, and many places ready to receive a priest. In three places they had begun to build churches. At Fort Wayne they were finishing one sixty feet by thirty, and the congregation numbers one hundred and fifty Catholic families. I was happy to send to them the Rev. Mr. Ruff from Metz in France, recently ordained, and speaking the three languages used there, French, English, and German. Of the latter there are a good many living in the neighbourhood. I had ordained Mr. Ruff sub-deacon and deacon before my journey to Chicago, and had sent him to the Seminary of St. Louis (St. Mary of the Barrens) to make his Retreat, and there he was ordained priest by that excellent prelate, Dr. Rosati.

'We have as yet no seminary, no college, no religious establishment in any part of the diocese, except an academy and school kept in Vincennes by four Sisters of Charity from the House of Nazareth in Kentucky. Even these had been recalled to Nazareth some months before I came. My first care was to secure their return, and they resumed their school the end of last April. When I left they had four boarders, and about fifty day scholars.'

So far we have followed Bishop Brutè's episcopal wanderings in his own words.

As soon as he arrived in his diocese, he perceived

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immediately, that in order to provide for its urgent wants, it would be necessary to obtain priests from Europe—the harvest was already ripe, or rather was perishing for want of some one to gather it in, and it would not do to wait until they had found or raised up labourers from among themselves. He determined, however, to make the above-described visitation, in order to understand the extent and exact nature of its necessities from personal observation. In his letters to his friends, describing his journey, he enters into many details, which are omitted in his communication to the Leopoldine Association, as not becoming the gravity of what may be regarded as an official document.*

But in all of them there is not a word of murmuring, or an expression of discouragement. His whole life had been an act of conscientious and ever-increasing self-devotion, and the difficulties which

* In one letter he speaks of having travelled 550 miles on horseback during the last six weeks. He describes very graphically the little groups of emigrants whom he fell in with, exploring the country and seeking for new homes; his conversations with them and the scattered residents, during which he took advantage of every opportunity, in a quiet unobtrusive manner, to do away with their prejudices with regard to the Catholic Church, and to instruct them in its real doctrines and principles. Wherever he heard of a Catholic family, he spared evidently no labour or fatigue to find them out and visit them; and his descriptions of their lonely situation in the then wilderness are very touching. Sometimes it was a poor negro, with his family,—emigrants from Maryland or Kentucky,—living in the woods, all crowding to the door to welcome the bishop and get his blessing; sometimes a respectable white family, brought up amid Catholic privileges, now without priest or Mass or Catholic neighbours, and often exhibiting the sad effects of such privations. No wonder that the poor bishop's heart sometimes almost sunk within him, and that he often exclaimed, as in a letter to Bishop David, in mingled Latin and French, 'Ostium magnum apertum; moyens nul à présent.'

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now stood in his way only served to increase his zeal and activity. As soon as he had made himself acquainted with the condition of his diocese, he immediately took the necessary steps to provide for its wants, so far as lay in his power. His heart instinctively turned to his own country in the hour of need; and he again crossed the ocean to seek for missionaries, and for such pecuniary help as would enable him to finish his cathedral, and provide schools for the education of the young. His notes and memoranda show that he found himself very much out of place in courts and among the grand personages with whom his office and the object of his journey brought him in contact. He was received, however, everywhere with the greatest kindness.* He took advantage of the opportunity to visit the 'Limina Apostolorum,' and to receive for himself and his diocese the benediction of the common Father of the faithful; after which he hastened back to his home in the wilderness.

A warm welcome awaited him on his return to his episcopal city; for all alike—Protestants as well as Catholics—had become very much attached to their good bishop. And now commenced a new series of labours, to end only with his life, which was unhappily drawing to its close. With the resources which had been placed at his disposal in Europe he established a diocesan seminary in his episcopal city, an orphan asylum, and a free school.

* The late Empress of Austria, and Prince Metternich in particular, took the liveliest interest in providing for the wants of the new diocese of Vincennes, and loaded the good bishop with kindnesses of every sort.

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The surplus was spent in finishing his cathedral,* and in helping to erect small churches at certain points where they were most needed.

He brought twenty priests and seminarians with him from France;† but though his health had already begun to fail,‡ he still performed the work of one who was in the vigour and freshness of early

* 'Besides, we are completely upside-down with our church repairs —the sanctuary unroofed, the nave and aisles a forest of scaffolding for the plastering; then the steeple is to be got up, the wood already cut at St. Francisville, and soon to sail up our proud Wabash, and go and tell the skies, not a lie, as the tall column in London, but the true love of Vincennes for the honour of God.' *Letter to Rev. Mr. Shaw, Aug.* 1838.

† As we have seen, when he arrived in his diocese, there were but three priests in the whole of it, and one of these was merely lent to him. In 1839, the year of his death, the Catholic almanac makes the following recapitulation of the state of the diocese:

Churches	23
Chapels	6
Stations occasionally visited	28
Clergymen on the mission	22
Clergymen otherwise employed	2
Religious communities	2
Theological seminary	1
College for young men	1
Female academy	1
Free schools	2

‡ He caught a severe cold while riding on the outside of a stage-coach in Ohio, on his way to the Council at Baltimore in 1837, which ended in a confirmed consumption. Bishop Brutè was tall in stature and thin, but naturally very strong and vigorous. Recreation, in the ordinary sense of the word, he never took; but on holidays, and during the hours of recreation at the college, he would often spend a portion of the time in making paths through the woods, and in erecting a sort of chapel on the mountain side, which was known as the Grotto. His features were plain, but his face was full of intelligence, and marked by that peculiar sweetness of expression which has been often noticed in the countenances of very holy persons—a sort of celestial radiance, which came from the pure and holy soul within, and which often made a vivid impression upon those who approached him. He would never permit his likeness to be taken, and the only portrait of him which exists was from a cast taken after death, which gives a very good representation of his features.

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manhood. At home he was at once bishop, pastor of the congregation, professor of theology at his seminary, and a teacher of one of his academies. He wrote twice a month to every priest in his diocese, and thus communicated to them a portion of that zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, which formed the constant object of his every thought and action. He visited every portion of his diocese repeatedly, and wherever he went he engaged in all the duties of an ordinary pastor. Indiana and Illinois had at this time, as is well-known, embarked largely in that immense system of internal improvements, which, for the time being, ended so disastrously. The labourers employed in them, mostly Irish emigrants, suffered greatly from cholera and malignant fevers. One of the greatest afflictions which Bishop Bruté had to suffer was the being unable to provide for the spiritual wants of these poor people, whose lively faith and generous impulsive nature had attached him very warmly to them. He often went among them himself—heard their confessions, celebrated Mass for them in their miserable cabins, and prepared the sick and dying for the awful passage to eternity. In the words of Dr. McCaffrey, 'Difficulties which would have disheartened almost any one else only served to increase his zeal and charity. Having commenced a journey of four hundred miles in such a state of bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse, he nevertheless completed it without the intermission of a single day. Shortly before his death he left Vincennes to go to a distant mission, which he had already visited thrice within

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the year, and though so weak and exhausted that he could scarcely support his tottering frame, in the absence of the pastor he attended to three distant sick-calls on the same day; and, though almost dying, administered the consolations of religion to those who appeared no nearer mortal dissolution than himself.' It was the same with him until the last moment.* His resolute will and fervent zeal seemed to triumph over the painful and debilitating disease which was destroying his body; and when no longer able to work himself, he cheered on those who were engaged in the task with words full of courage and enthusiasm. His letters at this period also bring still more strongly in relief, on account of his inability to labour himself, a point in his character for which he had always been remarkable, and that was his kind consideration for others. It seemed to grieve him to give orders without being able to take his share of the labour necessary to carry them into execution.† Among the priests of his diocese at this time was the Rev. Michael Shaw, a convert to the Catholic Church, who had formerly, I believe, been an officer in the British army. I have in my possession a large

* To judge from his letters, the thought of rest or retirement never seems to have entered into his mind, or if it did, he put it away from him. Thus, writing to Mr. Shaw in 1838, when broken down by sickness, the vision of a quiet upper room in a friend's (Mr. Blenkinsop's) house passes across his mind; and for a moment he indulges the wish that he might be permitted to rest there until death; but he immediately checks himself, and adds, 'but shame! non recuso laborem.'

† This activity was not merely the effect of temperament, but rather the result of his zeal and dislike of slothfulness. Naturally, he was fond of retirement and study. He invariably rose after his first sleep. If he felt drowsy afterwards, he would say, as if addressing his body, 'If you want more sleep, you must take it the next time you get a chance.'—*Rev. Mr. Hickey.*

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number of notes and letters which the good bishop wrote to him during the last years of his life. They are entirely unstudied—written on the spur of the moment—but are full of interest, not only as exhibiting all the beautiful traits of his character—his lively faith, his active usefulness, and his ardent zeal, but also as giving an insight into the nature of his administration. It was characterised, as I have remarked, by the most untiring energy and perseverance. No good work once undertaken was ever allowed to stand still; and it is impossible to understand how so much was done in so short a time, especially as most of it was accomplished while the states of Illinois and Indiana were labouring under the most severe financial embarrassments.*

But at length the poor body, to which he had given such little rest for so many years, refused to do its work any longer. I cannot better describe the closing scenes of his eventful and well-spent life than in the words of the beautiful sermon from which I have so often quoted. Its author received the details from the mouths of those who had witnessed them. 'Death,' he says, 'which could be no unwelcome

* What makes it the more wonderful is, that the Bishop seems to have had a great horror of running into debt, and would sign no mortgage upon Church property. The assistance he received from Europe enabled him to carry out for a while these good resolutions; but if he had lived a few years longer, he would probably have found himself obliged to modify them a little. Personally he cared nothing about money. As Father Hickey said to Mr. Miles, 'If he had five dollars in his pocket, it went to the first person who asked for it.' His clothes were always very plain, and he often gave away everything, except what he had upon his back; and even these were not safe, for he has been known repeatedly to take off his linen and underclothes, and give them to the poor negroes whom he was accustomed to visit.

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visitor to one whose thoughts, hopes, and affections all centred in a better world, found him full of merits and good works, and longing only to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Invincibly patient and resigned under the severest suffering, full of tender piety, calm, collected, and brightly exhibiting his characteristic virtues to the last, he set a beautiful example of the manner in which a Christian should prepare himself to run his final race and to win the crown of a glorious immortality. As his strength diminished, his devotion increased. He sought no alleviation for his sufferings; on the contrary, he was eager still to labour and endure, in the twofold view of doing good to others and resembling more his crucified Saviour. When unable to walk or stand, he would strive to sit up, and write to any whom he could hope to benefit by his correspondence; and to those around him he would speak on pious subjects, such as the love of God, conformity to His holy will, or devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and that with the unction of a saint and the ardour of a seraph. Only six hours before his death he wrote with his own hand, and not without much difficulty and pain, several moving letters to persons who had unfortunately abandoned the practice of their faith, and to whom he wished to make this dying appeal on behalf of their souls, while the portals of eternity were closing upon him.* These last precious days of his life were thus entirely taken up in works of charity, in instructing, edifying, and

* I have in my possession a letter to Bishop Flaget, and another to the late B. U. Campbell, Esq., to whom he was always very much attached, dictated after he had received the last Sacraments, and signed by himself with the trembling hand of death.

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consoling those who were with him, and in intimate and affectionate communion with his God, whom he hoped soon to see face to face, to love and enjoy for ever. He preferred often to be left alone, that he might the more freely indulge his pious feelings; and for this end he would allow no one to watch by him at night, until his mortal agony had begun. When his friends affectionately sought to know what they could do to relieve his sufferings, he would answer them by pointing out some passage of sacred Scripture, or a chapter of the "Following of Christ," which he desired them to read to him, or by asking them to say some prayers for his happy death. No agonies of pain could extort from him a single expression of distress. "The will of God be done," was the constant language of his lips, as it was the abiding sentiment of his heart. When preparing to receive the holy Viaticum, he wrote to us in the true spirit of saintly humility, requesting the prayers of our seminary and of the sisterhood, and begging pardon for whatever offence or bad example he had ever given to any one at either institution. A few days before his dissolution, the strength of his naturally vigorous constitution rallied for a time, and his physician promised him at least a temporary recovery. He told the physician he was mistaken, and, whether he knew it supernaturally or otherwise, he named the exact time of his approaching departure. He gave himself the orders for preparing his grave, and as calmly directed the modes of sepulture and the proper rites to be observed, as if he were discharging an ordinary duty. On the morning of the day be-

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fore his death, he remarked to the clergyman, who attended him with unwearied solicitude and affection: "My dear child, I have a whole day yet to stay with you—to-morrow with God!" To another pious friend he used these simple but expressive words: "I am going home." Heaven was indeed his home; he had always so regarded it: there was his treasure; his heart was there also. He had ever longed to be with God, and "see Him as He is;" and now the door of the Father's house was opening to him, and angels were on the wing to meet his departing spirit, and conduct it to its place of rest. He was happy, therefore, amid the pangs and terrors of death; for he trusted that he was but going home. After having received the last Sacraments, he directed the prayers for the departing to be recited, which he answered devoutly and fervently until the last; and then, on the morning of the 26th of June, at half-past one o'clock, he calmly and sweetly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator.*

'His death was deplored as a general calamity.

* I cannot refrain from inserting here, though without his permission, a portion of a letter which I lately received from the Rev. E. Audran, pastor of the Cathedral of Vincennes, in answer to my request for a copy of the inscription on the Bishop's tomb.

'RIGHT REV. SIR, 'Vincennes, July 31st, 1860.

* * * * * * * * *

'Bishop Bruté was first buried under the sanctuary of the present cathedral. In the month of November 1840, the floor of the sanctuary having been raised, and the whole ground under it dug out to make room for a subterranean chapel, the body was removed and placed immediately behind the altar of this chapel. It has remained there ever since.

'The following is the inscription on the wall above his tomb. Bishop Rosati wrote it:

'Hic jacet Simon Gabriel Brutè Episcopus Vincennensis, Primitus Rhedonis in Galliis xii. kal. Ap. MDCCLXXIX. Humanioribus litteris

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He was especially lamented by the poor, the widow, and orphan. The people of Vincennes felt that they had lost a public benefactor, and his own flock, both clergy and laity, bewailed, as well they might, the death of such a pastor. All with one accord mourned the scholar, the philanthropist, and the saint. Crowds of persons of every rank and of all denominations visited his corpse, and assisted at

in patria, Severioribus in Parisiensi Academia, et tandem Divinis in celeberrimo S. Sulpitii Seminario operam felicissimam dedit.

'Inter Olerii discipulos annumeratus religionis propagandæ desiderio flagrans ex Galliis Americam navigavit anno MDCCCX. Hic Juventutis institutioni addictus Baltimorensi S. Mariæ Collegio primum præfuit. Tum in monte S. Mariæ ad Emmetsburgum adolescentibus iis præsertim qui in Sorte Dñi vocantur humanis et ecclesiasticis disciplinis verbo et exemplo excolendis indefessus incubuit.

'A Gregorio XVI Pontifice Maximo ad Vincennopolitanam Sedem nuper erectam omnibus acclamantibus appellatus humilis Christi discipulus solis suis oculis vilis ut pastorale munus susciperet adduci vix potuit. In Ecclesia Cathedrali S. Ludovici Episcopus inunctus et consecratus v. kal. Nov. MDCCCXXXIV novam Diœcesim solus perlustravit. Operarios evangelicos ad illam excolendam adsciscendi gratia in Europam profectus illine lectissima sacerdotum caterva stipatus reversus, vineam sibi concreditam plantare, colere, irrigare, ampliare, defendere modis omnibus, verbo, opere, scriptis, laboribus, sudoribus, ad extremum usque vitæ, quam pro ovibus suis bonus pastor impendit non cessavit.

'Supremum diem obiit vi. kal. Junii MDCCCXXXIX.

'The removal of the body took place privately at six o'clock in the morning—none being present but his successor the Right Rev. Bishop De la Hailandiere, who performed the office laid down in the Ritual for the occasion, and a few ecclesiastics and religious. I was present. A feeling of pious veneration, and a desire to know what had become of the mortal remains of the saintly man whose angelic virtues were still perfuming all around us, impelled us to open the simple wooden coffin. But the decay was complete; and although but little more than a year had elapsed since his death, the vestments which adhered yet to a skeleton could alone recall to the mind something of his outward form. We closed the coffin in silence, and remembered that what he loved above all was humility.

'Lying by his side, on the right hand of the altar, is the body of the Right Rev. Stephen Bazin, third Bishop of Vincennes.

'Respectfully yours, in our Lord J. C.

'E. AUDRAN, pt.'

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the ceremonies of his burial. The mayor and civil authorities, and learned societies of Vincennes, passed resolutions to attend his funeral. The whole population poured forth to accompany, in solemn silence, his honoured remains to their last resting-place on earth.'

According to custom, his body was buried under the sanctuary of his cathedral. The memory of 'good Bishop Bruté,' as he is always called, has not been dimmed by time. Those who knew him, and who were trained to virtue by his precepts and example, love to speak of him, to repeat his words, and to tell the incidents of his saintly life. Of all the holy missionaries whom God has from time to time sent to plant the seeds of faith in this new country, no name is more often repeated, no labours are more often dwelt upon, than his; and thus the undying influence of his beautiful example still helps on the good cause to which his life was devoted — the salvation of souls, and the glory of God.

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Building-Fund.

On Tuesday the 29th of June 1869, being the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, on a bright summer day, a little procession chanting litanies, closed by the Archbishop of Westminster carrying a relic of St. Peter the Apostle, was seen wending its way through pleasant fields to a rising ground not very far from the Mill-hill railway-station. There it paused, and, after a few words of prayer, the first stone was laid of the first Missionary College in England.

Through the liberality of Catholics, not only in England, but in France and America, one-half of this building is now completed; that is, the College itself, containing accommodation for about one hundred students, with class- and community-rooms, refectory and offices. But the most important part, perhaps, has yet to be done—we mean the chapel, sacristy, and cloister, which are to form the other side of the square, and complete the quadrangle. For this, between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* are still required. The high altar and four of the pillars of the chancel apse have already been given, and we trust to the well-known generosity of Catholics to obtain the remainder in the course of the ensuing year.

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In answer to an objection which has been raised, that at the present crisis every farthing is needed for educational purposes, I would remark that this work comes within the scope of such requirements; for it is obvious that, without a church, the training and education of the students would be miserably incomplete; and that, to imbue them with the desired spirit, opportunity should be given them to perform the different rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Faith in a reverent and becoming manner. The College has likewise become, in the last two or three years, the nucleus of a fresh mission; and numbers of persons resort to the temporary wooden building which now serves as our chapel, who will be deprived of such opportunities until the new church be built.

We appeal, therefore, with confidence to the hearts of our readers for sufficient funds to complete this great work. It is certain that whatever you may do for this Foreign Missionary College will return upon you and upon your country with interest, fifty, ay, a hundred fold. The very gold and silver that you give, the generosity, the zeal, the pure and disinterested love with which you give them, will return to you, be sure of it, with the certainty of a divine law of grace and charity, in an outpouring flood of gifts and graces upon yourselves, your homes, and the country which has reared you.

HERBERT VAUGHAN,

St. Joseph's College, Mill-hill, Hendon, London, N.W.

December 1870.

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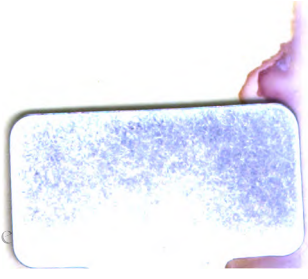
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